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SLAVERY AND SLAVE LIFE IN BRAZIL.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

NO. VIII.

BRITISH OFFICIAL EVIDENCE.

Our next author is W. D. Christie, late her Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Brazil. He deals with the Brazilian government without gloves; and, however much one may dislike the temper that at times he manifests, it is difficult to see how to deny that his blows are to some degree merited. For, aside from the diplomatic questions that he discusses, and aside from his defence of his own official career—making every allowance, also, for his palpable and manifest spirit of partisanship, there remains a mass of evidence in his "Notes on Brazil," which, especially as accumulative testimony, tends to confirm our belief that slavery there is entitled to no greater consideration from mankind than the system which has been exterminated in our own country.

Mr. Christie boldly charges that the Brazilian government does *nothing* to reduce or mitigate slavery. He asserts that the coast slave trade, by the confession of Brazilian statesmen, is attended with all the cruelties of the African slave trade. He states that Brazilian agents have succeeded in England in creating the impression that slaves are well treated in the South American Empire, and emphatically denies the accuracy of the belief. He accuses the Brazilian government of repeated acts of bad faith in their relations to the freed Africans.

In his introduction, he quotes from a pamphlet by Sir William Gore Onseley, ex-British Minister at Buenos Ayres, published in 1850, a paragraph respecting the modes of punishing slaves in Brazil. Here it is.

"In Brazil where the laws have, as in all civilized States, abolished torture in judicial proceedings, the practice is exceptionally continued as regards slaves. Thumb-screws or *anginhos* are often applied to slaves, perhaps at the will and pleasure of some ignorant, or, possibly, culpably cognizant, petty authority, for the purpose sometimes of shielding the real criminal, or they are thus cruelly treated at the caprice of some brutal and inhuman feitor or overseer; while the masters or others, who may just as likely be the culprits, are not subjected to this mode of extorting from the innocent or guilty a confession. On one occasion, I recollect my coachman hastening to my room to inform me that some horrid cruelties were evidently being practiced in a barn adjoining my stables. I at once went there and found several negroes undergoing the torture of the iron thumb-screw, on account, it was alleged, of the loss of a key, which the overseer himself might have probably dropped when intoxicated, as he often was. At all events, seven or eight unfortunate wretches were tortured for the possible though doubtful fault or misfortune of one of them. The energetic, though non-official, intervention that was promptly employed on this occasion to put a stop to the 'wholesale discipline' as it was doubtless generally considered, was, I will admit, extremely undiplomatic in its character.

Mr. Kidder, in his account of Rio de Janeiro, describes a Foundling Asylum. The most noteworthy fact about it is the amazing mortality. An official report states that in 1854, 588 infants were received in addition to 68 already in the establishment; total, 656; died 435; remaining 221. In 1853, the number of foundlings received was 630, and of deaths 515. "Up to the present time" says the report, "it has not been possible to ascertain the exact causes of this lamentable mortality, which with more or less intensity always takes place among such infants, notwithstanding the utmost effort and care that has been used to come at the evil."

But Mr. Christie declares that "this wholesale murder is only a cloak for slavery," and quotes an explanation published by M. Dabadie, on the authority of the leading journal of Rio, of August 3, 1857. "These children," says the *Jornal do Commercio*, "whatever be the color of their skin, are free by law. Well, what happens? If they belong to the privileged race, the nurses, whose business it is to suckle them, give account of them to the hospital, the mother of the foundlings; but if, on the contrary, they come of the race which is beyond the pale of humanity, the same nurses do not fear to report them as dead, and sell them for their own profit!"

Mr. Consul Cowper, in a dispatch to the Earl of Malmesbury, dated Pernambuco, May 6, 1852, declares that the general treatment of slaves may almost be as well imagined as described. Under a system so unnatural and so irresponsible, it depends entirely upon the character of the master, for the very limited protection afforded to the slave by law is neutralized by the abject dependence of his position; he is for all practical purposes in no better position than an animal in Great Britain, who is there also protected by law, for he dare as little make use of the faculty of speech in complaint as the other is capable of doing so: "the latter has one advantage, that he finds human beings to sympathize with and speak for him, but the slave never does."

"I have so often described the atrocities to which these persons are subject that I need not repeat them; but they may be conceived when I restate that I was an eye witness to an unfortunate slave cutting his throat at a dinner-table at which I was a guest; and that invitations were issued in this Province by the proprietor of an estate to witness the boiling alive of a slave in the cauldron of his estate. Urban slaves are less dependent, and consequently less worked and better clothed than rural ones, who are not uncommonly worked for twenty hours out of the twenty-four, including a period termed on the estates, *Rininqu*. Emancipation is very rarely practiced."

On the 11th of August, 1854, according to Mr. Howard, Consul at Rio de Janeiro, a project of law was introduced into the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies, providing that the owners of slaves who shall grant freedom to such of them as may not be able to support themselves, in consequence of old age or disease shall not be exempted from the obligation of supporting them; and that slaves who beg for alms with the consent of their masters shall, *ipso facto*, be considered as free. The object of this motion, added Mr. Howard, was to remedy the not infrequent abuse of masters freeing their slaves when their services are no longer of any value, and thus turning them adrift destitute, as well as of masters sending out their slaves to beg for the profit of such masters.

To return to Mr. Christie.

Senhor Silveira da Motta, in 1864 introduced a bill into the Brazilian Senate for the compulsory emancipation of slaves belonging to foreigners, to religious bodies and to the Brazilian nation or government. The same Senator has more than once proposed laws for the prohibition of public slave auctions, to prevent the separation of families, to facilitate manumissions on decease of owners in certain cases, and for indirectly discouraging the employment of slaves in domestic service in cities. Good signs? But the Senator is not a member of the government, and these his proposals have always been promptly voted down. These his attempts, according to Mr. Christie, are the only efforts that have been made to curtail or qualify the slavery system in Brazil. The number of slaves belonging to the Brazilian nation or government, whom Senator Motta sought to liberate, is 1,500; and of these twenty-one only were emancipated in 1860.

In 1862 the Brazilian Minister of Finance proposed in his report that he should be authorized by the Legislature to emancipate gratuitously slaves of the nation *when, by reason of advanced age, or permanent infirmity of a grave character*, they can work no longer! This is the only action on the part of the government that looks toward a liberation of its own slaves. And that there is no genuine anti-slavery spirit in this proposal—to say nothing of common humanity—it is hardly necessary to point out, for it is purely and manifestly atrocious.

Mr. Christie states that the number of emancipations is very trifling. The great increase in the price of slaves has made it more difficult for negroes to purchase their own freedom, and it has diminished the enfranchisement by testamentary disposition.

Mr. Baillie wrote to Earl Russell, December 6, 1861, "I have been unable to discern any desire or tendency towards the abolition of slavery in Brazil, or even the mitigation of its principal evils. The internal slave trade is carried on as much as ever."

We know, we learned at great cost, the mischievous results of an increase in the price of negroes in strengthening the supporters of slavery. The same peril broods over Brazil.

In 1858, according to Mr. Charles Buxton, the average price of a Brazilian slave was $350. The last price current reported by the British Consul at Rio, for July, 1863, shows a great advance:

Males (agricultural and mining),	$535	@	965.
Females (" "),	$535	@	803.
Males (domestic),	$645	@	1,070.
Fmales ("),	$535	@	965.

Thus, slaves in Brazil are approaching old Virginia prices; and—so Mr. Christie insists—the "government is resisting all proposals to mitigate or diminish slavery." He states that the liberations of slaves sometimes spoken of by the "Brazilian agents," refer to the annual emancipations of "free Africans," who are not slaves.

Mr. Christie quotes from speeches made by Senhor Andrada and Senhor Portugal in London, and in languages forcible, if not quite diplomatic, gives these gentlemen the lie, for asserting, among other statements, that the Brazilian government has done anything in favor of the abolishment of slavery; that the children and parents, husbands and wives, are never separated in slave auction sales; and that "every year the Minister has recourse to measures which give freedom to a great many of the" negroes.

In opposition to a statement in the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Christie states that there is no law giving the slave a right to appear at any time before a magistrate, have his price fixed, and buy his freedom.

"This is a complete mistake," he writes; "slavery may be, and I believe is, with a considerable number of enlightened and respectable men in Brazil 'an admitted evil;' but, as your Lordship will have learnt from previous reports of mine, *there are no signs whatever, at present, in Brazil, of abolition of slavery;* and there is no disposition even to entertain measures for mitigating its acknowledged evils, or for preparing for ultimate abolition. And slavery in Brazil certainly *is*, what the reviewer says it is *not*, an institution identified in the opinion of a large party with the interests and prosperity of the country. * * * * There is no doubt that color is no obstacle to advancement, and the free born son of an emancipated slave may attain to any position if he has merits and abilities, and fortune favors him; but I do not know what is meant by saying that 'slavery exists in a very mitigated form.'"

As proofs that the Brazilian government does not seek to emancipate slaves who fall into its possession, Mr. Christie says that, as late as February, two years ago, captured fugitives, whose owners did not reclaim them, were sold by auction—*not* liberated—by the public authorities; that, in spite of law and treaty, immense numbers of slaves, estimated at a million, were imported into the empire between 1830 and 1852; that these unfortunates are now legally free, but yet the powers that be do nothing whatever to secure their liberty; that not only has the government inaugurated no measure in their behalf, but it resisted a proposition to establish a Mixed Commission to inquire into their condition and status.

"These illegal slaves," he says, "are at every moment and everywhere in presence of the Brazilian authorities, but are not seen. No step is ever taken to rescue them from their masters, who notoriously hold them, or publicly sell them, in defiance of law."

By the coasting slave trade, according to the estimate of Senhor Soares, five thousand negroes are annually separated from their families. These persons are chiefly carried from the more temperate provinces of the South to the torrid territory of the North. Senhor Motta in 1864 described this traffic as "in reality a disguised slave trade."

Mr. Christie says that the mortality among the children of slaves is very great, and Brazilian proprietors do not appear to have given nearly so much attention as might have been expected from obvious motives of self-interest, to marriages among slaves, or the care of mothers or children.

AN AMERICAN WITNESS.

While preparing these articles, Mr. Poole, Librarian of the Boston Athenæum, requested a gentleman whose name is identified with Brazil, to write some notes for our use. We will subjoin them and then leave the reader to form his own judgment from the mass of testimony that we have laid before him. The whole question of slavery in Brazil, he writes, is a very simple one, because—

First, You cannot find a man from one end of the empire to the other (unless he is an Englishman or a Southerner) who holds to *the divine right* of slavery. They all hold it to be a curse.

Second, They all acknowledge that the State—the imperial central government—has a right to intermeddle with it, and the friends of Anti-Slavery are now moving in this direction, as Prof. Ed. Laboulaye has shown in the *Journal des Debats* for July 1865.

Prof. Agassiz went to the palace one evening, and ventured to say to the Emperor:

"I am very sorry, your Majesty, to see slavery here. It is a great moral wrong."

"Yes," repeated the Emperor, "it *is* a great *moral* wrong. It is wicked. Moreover, it is a *political* wrong," etc.

He meant that the State could act on the subject.

Third, The speeches made in the late Parliament, by leading statesmen, quoting George Livermore and others, are as radical as anything our Radicals have ever held.

Fourth, There never were any laws to hinder the black man (free) from perfect equality with the white man. There is no mistake on this subject; for, as a voter, naval and military officer, State employé, member of Parliament, etc., etc., I have seen the black man and mulatto *on precisely the same footing as the white man*. They know no difference.

Fifth, Since the slave trade was squelched there has been no Cuban trickery. The people are in earnest about it, from the Emperor downwards. A million of slaves have been freed since 1850, either by self-emancipation or by their masters. There is nothing to hinder a master from liberating one or all of his slaves, or from educating them if he choose. There is no *law* preventing a slave learning anything he chooses.

Well, since 1850, a million—that is, thirty-three per cent. of the slaves have been freed.

Croakers said that in a climate so entirely tropical, the great staples could not be produced without slave labor. Lo! and behold the result. In seven years from 1851, a fair starting point, instead of coffee, sugar, cotton, and tobacco (*the* great staples) declining, *they actually increased more han thirty-three per cent.*

To sum up:

Slavery is a curse in Brazil, as it is everywhere. The people and government recognize it, and they only wish to do the thing peaceably and for the greatest good of the slave and master.

The question comes up next session. The statesmen born since Don Pedro II. came to the throne, consider it *the* question of Brazil, and my last Rio paper says, just as soon as the Paraguay war is over, "this is *the* question we must look in the face." There are great difficulties where wrong has existed for nearly three centuries. Our Southern brethren, who have gone there, are disgusted to discover that slavery is on a different footing from what it was here."

A FINAL WORD.

I might produce other testimony, but it would cover the same points that have already been taken in these papers. Everybody who rejoiced to see slavery perish in the United States will watch eagerly the action of the Abolitionists of Brazil. That the Emperor may yet take rank with our Raftsman, is the most friendly prayer that we can offer up for His Majesty!

LETTER FROM COL. CHARLES E. MOSS.

RICHMOND, Va., July 1, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Things are moving quietly in Old Virginia. The principles of Radicalism are becoming popular, and, in a few months' time, will receive the support of a majority of even the white people. It is astonishing to see the change that has taken place the last six or eight weeks. During that time hundreds of white people have come out in favor of Radicalism. They are determined to labor for a complete and unequivocal Radical victory. It will be no half-and-half victory, but a pure and unadulterated triumph of Radicalism of the most ultra stripe.

I have now very little doubt but J. W. Hunnicutt will be the first governor of reconstructed and regenerated Virginia. That position is due him by reason of his self-sacrificing devotion to principle and unselfish labor in behalf of equal rights, at a time when it cost something to labor in that cause. No man ever labored harder or more effectually than he has done, and the result is, the colored voters of the State will never consent to thrust him aside for any man in Virginia.

The canvass is now being pushed with great vigor. Col. C. E. Moss, of Missouri; George Tucker, of Alexandria, and some eight or ten others, are engaged in canvassing the State. Meetings are being held in every section and county, and are numerously attended. The result is now sure to be a Radical triumph. The Radicalism of Virginia will far exceed that of New York. The people understand well the disease, and are determined to apply the only sure remedy. That remedy is universal suffrage, and the establishment of an efficient system of free schools.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

SEWARDISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We have become so accustomed to the platitudes, perversions and sophistries of the Secretary of State, that we hardly supposed anything he could say would move us to protest. But we confess his speech to a Boston audience, on Saturday night last, impels us to say that it is even more insolent in style and more false in fact, than is his wont. In the first place, had he any shame left, he should have been the last, renegade as he is to the sentiment of Massachusetts, to have sought to enlighten her in her political duties, and secondly, if he were a lover of truth, he would not have indulged in the slanders which marked his speech.

Alluding to the recent Presidential visit to North Carolina, Mr. Seward said, on this occasion, of that State—"Nothing is wanted for her return and her taking her ancient, honorable and most loyal and patriotic position in the family of the Republic, but the consent of the people of Massachusetts." Indeed! When did Massachusetts object to North Carolina taking her position as a "loyal, patriotic" State? Mr. Seward should be careful in his statements. It is true his volumes of diplomatic correspondence, his speeches, and his state papers generally, during the war, are full of the most absurd declarations of fact and opinion; but that is no reason why he should peregrinate into this intelligent community and seek to duplicate his falsehoods without check or remonstrance.

Again, he says—"You here in Massachusetts may try to keep them (North Carolina and Georgia) out, but I tell you God and Nature have decided that you are to live as brothers in unity and harmony." In the first place, we deny any desire on the part of our people to exclude any State, the security and peace of the others being guaranteed—and loyalty, despite Mr. Seward, has the right, as it ought to have the sense, to insist on this prerequisite. But, next, we deny to Mr. Seward his too-often assumed character of oracle and prophet. He has too often lamentably and ignominiously failed in this *role* to longer practice it, and if he had not, we should like to see his credentials before speaking for God and Nature. With his past career in remembrance, those two agencies, we speak it reverently, would select a very poor representative for their mouthpiece in choosing Mr. Seward.

But, worse still, this poor wreck of a former great man proceeds to utter positive infidelity to all right and truth, to all effort at correction of wrong by advising acquiescence in the choice of a President for four years, though that President sap the foundations of our liberties and insidiously destroy Republican government so far as he may! It is the worst of optimism which he would inculcate—but one remove from the doctrine that "that the king can do no wrong—hail to the king!"

But it isn't so much what Mr. Seward says as that he should speak at all in the manner he does. Lecturing Massachusetts on her political duties! Where will impudence cease after this? Let Mr. Seward remember the fate of Daniel Webster, who, greater than he, sought to turn the sentiment of Massachusetts. If the fate of a broken-hearted man be not his it will be only because the imbecility of his mind will transcend the pang of the rupture!

THE COLORED EMPLOYES OF THE BOSTON POST OFFICE TO THE HON. JOHN G. PALFREY.

The following correspondence is so handsome in terms and so deserved on both sides that we gladly comply with the request to publish it in full in our columns:

BOSTON, April 30, 1867.

Much Respected Friend: We, whose names are hereunto annexed, present and past employés in the Boston Post office, who by complexion are identified with the hitherto proscribed class in the United States, feel that we cannot permit your retirement to take place without making an attempt to express to you the emotions with which our hearts are filled, though well aware that no rhetoric at our command can adequately serve that purpose.

We can never forget that your conferring appointments in the Post office upon colored men was an experiment. Many regarded it as premature, and it certainly was an innovation upon the customs established for offices under the control of the United States.

This pressure was felt especially in the case of the first recipient of your kind consideration, who was unable to avail himself of the full measure of your intentions because of the act of Congress in 1810, strengthened by subsequent action in 1825, prescribing penalties for its violation—and summed up in a letter of instruction from Postmaster-General John McLean in 1828, forbidding "the mail to be in any case whatever in the custody of a colored person."

These obstacles were, however, happily removed by Congressional enactment December 19, 1864, mainly through the persevering efforts of Hon. Charles Sumner, whose name always rises to our lips when we think of eminent services for securing to colored citizens equality before the law.

And it affords us great satisfaction to chronicle here that this act of justice on your part was in glorious keeping with your manumission of a number of slaves, yours by inheritance, and characteristic of sentiments advanced in your memorable speech in Congress, which elicited from the lamented John Quincy Adams the exclamation: "Thank God, the seal is at last broken."

The light of your example soon became visible in other localities; other colored men were made happy in the realization that the day had at last been ushered in when those in government positions would acknowledge that they too had "rights which white men would respect."

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world." You have thus lived the true life—spoken the good word—performed the righteous act—and yours is the assurance that God will bless the effort.

The gratitude inspired by your noble record will live forever in the hearts of

Your obedient servants,
William C. Nell,
James M. Trotter,
William H. Dupree,
Jonathan C. Hogan,
Thomas R. Watson,
Burrill Smith, Jr.

Hon. John G. Palfrey.

Post-Office, Boston, Mass., May 2, 1867.

Gentlemen: I am greatly obliged and gratified by the friendly tone of your letter of yesterday, addressed to me with reference to my retirement from this office. It has given me peculiar satisfaction to have an opportunity to show, in however slight measure, the sense which I so strongly entertain of what in the way of recognition, confidence and friendliness is due from the community to that hitherto much injured class of our citizens which you so meritoriously represent.

I thank you cordially for your expressions of esteem and good will, and reciprocating them in all sincerity,

I am, gentlemen,
Yours, with faithful regards,
John G. Palfrey.

Messrs. W. C. Nell, J. M. Trotter, W. H. Dupree, T. R. Watson, J. C. Hogan, B. Smith, Jr.

SENATOR WADE ON THE LABOR PLATFORM.

At a meeting in Kansas on the 10th inst., Senator Wade, of Ohio, made one of the best speeches that any man has yet uttered on the political aspect of the times. He said he was unqualifiedly in favor of equal rights for all, not only without regard to nationality and color, but without regard to sex. Women were more virtuous than men; their perceptions were quicker and keener, and when they gained political power they would rectify many abuses which had thus far remained untouched. He predicted that female suffrage would be general in less than twenty years. In his view, radicalism upon this and all other questions was righteousness, while conservatism was hypocrisy and cowardice.

On the labor question he said:

"We had disposed of the question of slavery, and now that of labor and capital must pass through the ordeal. The shadow of the approaching struggle between these two great interests was already upon us, and it would do no good to turn our backs upon the question. It must be met. Property was not equally divided, and a more equal distribution of capital must be wrought out. That Congress which had done so much for the slave cannot quietly regard the terrible distinction which exists between the man that labors and the man that does not. (Applause.) 'If you dull-heads,' said the speaker, 'can't see this, the women will, and will act accordingly.'

"It will not be long before the laborers will demand of canvassers, upon the eve of an election, 'What will you do for us?' and they will have a satisfactory answer.

"It is not right or just that any man should be compelled to labor until life is worn out, and being is a curse. The Almighty did not intend that this should be the case, nor will it always remain so. More leisure must be given to the people for mental accomplishments, and labor-saving machines had not yet fulfilled their mission, since they had failed to effect this result."

The New York *Times* having represented that Mr. Wade was in favor of agrarianism, a gentleman paid him a visit at his home in Jefferson, Ashtabula county, Ohio, and published the following result of his interview in the Cincinnati *Commercial*. Mr. Wade said, referring to the *Times's* account of his Kansas speech:

"That is a very garbled account, and the editor purposely misunderstands me. Why, sir, if you would make an equitable distribution of all the property in the United States to-day among the people, in five years it would again be in the hands of a few men. Such a measure would not be just, nor would it be of any practicable advantage to the poor people if done. The editors and correspondents who have been writing about my speech know very well I am not in favor of such a foolish thing as the distribution of property, or, of disturbing in any way property rights." About the Presidency he said, "My dear sir, I do not seek that office. I never sought any office, and never will. I have served the people only because they wished me to, and not of my own choosing. It is eighty years since I begun public life; I am an old man as you see, and need rest."

On the labor question he remarked, "That system of labor which degrades the poor man and elevates the rich, which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, which drags the very soul out of the poor man for a pitiful existence, is wrong. We must elevate the laborer, and give him a share in the proceeds of his labor. The man who successfully solves that problem will do more for the world than any man that has lived in it since the days of Christ. I believe, however, that the shadow of the great struggle is upon us, and we must meet it. There is deep discontent among the masses, and they will shortly demand that their condition be made more comfortable, both in this country and England. There is a restlessness, a feverish excitement, a discontentedness with their lot among the poor classes that we cannot disregard. The people want more recreation—more enjoyment. They are casting about for relief from their monotonous and half-starved condition, and they will have it. Mr. Greeley is a wise man. He has done some very foolish things, but he perhaps has more knowledge on all subjects than any man in this country. I think well of his plan, and the idea of co-operation, if carried out among the working classes, will do much to ameliorate their condition.

MR. COBDEN ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

From the Boston Transcript.

In the *Northern Monthly and New Jersey Magazine*, for July, there is an article by James M. Scovel, giving an account of "A Day With Richard Cobden," whom the writer visited in December, 1863. The conversation turned naturally on American affairs, and Mr. Cobden gave his opinion freely of many of our distinguished public men. Mr. Seward he seemed to consider "a light weight," with "a fatal fluency" with his pen, a man "who wrote too much and thought too little, an adroit and successful politician, not a first-class statesman—in short, a sort of American Palmerston." When Mr. Cobden first visited the United States, Senator Mason, who liked his free trade notions, carried his courtesy so far as to invite him to take a glass of whiskey "from some point in the immediate neighborhood of his place in the Senate;" and, shortly after, Mr. Seward happening to cross the Senate, Mason turned to Cobden, drew himself up with great haughtiness, and said, "A profligate demagogue, that!"

Of Wendell Phillips Mr. Cobden seemed to have an exalted opinion. He was not sure that he was not "the foremost thinker in America," and "he was very clear that Phillips was the best man in America to send to England to give the English an idea of the length and breadth of our struggle for free government"—that his "clear, ringing sentences," "his terse, epigrammatic style would make friends for America wherever he went." Abraham Lincoln had, he thought, acted with great prudence and dignity, and he considered that the election of 1864 would decide the fate of the republic. He seemed to have "a lurking tenderness for McClellan," but it seems to us that this was somewhat incompatible with his appreciation of the "clear, ringing sentences" of Wendell Phillips. He considered that the anxieties consequent on the rebellion were killing its leaders, and thought that Alexander H. Stephens would outlive the others, because his heart was not in the work.

Mr. Cobden, it appears from this paper, made a large investment of money in Illinois, and once cherished the idea of coming to America to live. "He soon abandoned the idea, believing the true work of his life was in England. A large portion of Mr. Scovel's article is devoted to Cobden's opinions in relation to English affairs, and his distrust and dislike of the English aristocracy. Cavour, whom he knew, Mr. C. compared to Stephen A. Douglas, and thought him not great in moral purpose. The present Emperor of France, with whom he had had repeated conversations, did not strike him as impressive in conversation, but he still could, on occasions, write "monumental French." The whole article, from which we have taken these items, brings us nearer to Cobden's personality than any account of him which has been published.

THE PRESS.

GRANT AND FARRAGUT—THE DEMOCRACY AND THE PRESIDENCY.

The *Herald* philosophises upon the presidential question as follows:

The engineers and organs of the Northern rump of the exploded national Democratic party are all at sea. While there was the ghost of a chance for the ultimate success of President Johnson's Southern policy, they looked to the restoration of their old Southern balance of power. But the decisive intervention of Congress, with its stringent conditions of reconstruction, and the developments which have followed in the rebel States, have scattered all these calculations to the winds. On the other hand, from rebel disfranchisements, negro suffrage and other things, it appears that there is no organized opposition to the Republican leagues in the South, and that with their financial means, their powerful military machinery and active political managers, they hold to-day every one of the excluded States within their grasp. With Congress again in session to rectify the mistakes of President Johnson, we cannot doubt that the vantage ground in the South which the Republicans have gained through his blundering Southern policy, will be made secure against all probable contingencies, and that accordingly these outside States, in being restored to the general government, will each and all come back radically revolutionized and in full communion with the Republican party.

In view of this decisive solution of the great problem of reconstruction, it makes but little difference whether the outside States are restored to a voice in our national affairs before or after the coming Presidential election. It is enough that all calculations of regaining their old Southern political balance of power must be thrown out in any programme for the Presidential succession which the Northern Democracy as a separate party may adopt. In this view, no doubt, a Democratic journal "away down East," the Portland *Argus*, in casting about for the chances against the Radicals, hits upon the Presidential ticket of Grant and Farragut as the only Democratic hope of salvation. It is thus suggested that "if Gen. Grant is a candidate for the Presidency, as we believe he will be, the party that nominates him must take him without pledges, other than these; that the best good of his whole country will be his chief aim, and the Constitution of his country his constant guide;" that, in short, he must "occupy a position similar to that of Gen. Taylor." It is assumed, however, by this distressed Democratic philosopher of Maine, that if the Radical wing of the Republican camp can defeat the nomination of Grant, they will do it, and that then, if nominated by the Democrats, he will be elected.

Now, in response to this proposition we have to put this question: Is it quite certain that even Gen. Grant would be elected as the nominee of the present Northern Democratic party, casting off his own record of the war and taking up that of the party represented by the Chicago "Peace-at-any-price" Convention. In 1865, Gen. Slocum, a distinguished Union soldier of the war, and on the same platform as his Republican antagonist for Secretary of State of this Commonwealth, was beaten by some thirty thousand votes. And why? Simply because he was the candidate of the Democratic party, which had become so obnoxious to the people of the North, from its opposition to the government and the Union cause, and from its rebel sympathies and affiliations during the war, that no political candidate, however meritorious as a Union civilian or soldier, could save it from popular condemnation. Even Gen. McClellan, in 1864, for the Presidency, a very popular Union soldier, was, after he had flatly repudiated the Chicago platform, rejected by the people because he was the Chicago Democratic candidate.

We are inclined to the opinion, therefore, that the popular odium which has fallen upon the Northern rump of the old Democratic party, in consequence of its obnoxious and dangerous line of conduct during the war, is too much for any candidate to bear against the war record of the Republican party. Nor do we think that Gen. Grant would accept a nomination for the Presidency as the candidate of the Northern peace party of the war. What then? It strikes us that the best course for the Northern Democracy to pursue is to wait and watch the shaping of events. There will be a tremendous struggle in the Republican camp for the Convention of 1868, between the Radical Chase faction, supported by the national banks, and the Republican Conservatives supporting Gen. Grant. The result, in all probability, will be a split of the Republican party into two distinct parties for the succession. In this event the Northern Democracy will hold the balance of power, and by casting their weight into the scale of the Grant, or anti-radical party, they will carry the election. The idea that we are driving at is this—that in order to remove the label of the Chicago-Vallandigham Convention, the Democrats must take off their "old clo'," and appear in some new uniform, or as the allies of some new party, before they can expect to work out a political revolution. Old things being done away with, including the whole Democratic fabric resting upon State rights, as expounded by Calhoun, and upon negro slavery and the Dred Scott decision, and the unreconstructed States being absolutely in the hands of the Republican Congress now in session, there is no other way to success than that of reconstruction to the Northern democracy, including a new organization, a new name, a new outfit and a new departure. It is folly to suppose that Grant or Farragut will, if so nominated, consent to stand before the country as the whitewasher of that State rights Democracy represented during the war for the Union by Jeff. Davis in Richmond, by Jake Thompson in Canada, by Mason and Slidell in England and France, and by Vallandigham at Chicago.

The *World* says of

NEGRO VOTING AND NEGRO OFFICE-HOLDING.

We admit that the qualifications to vote and hold office do not in all points tally and coincide. The same citizen who may vote when he is twenty-one, cannot be a member of Congress until he is twenty-five, nor a Senator until he is thirty, nor President or Vice-President until he is thirty-five. A naturalized citizen may vote all his life, but he can never be President. He must have been nine years a voter before he can be a Senator, and seven before he can be a Representative. But disabilities like these have no relation to color. A negro, like a white man, would be excluded from the Presidency if his age is less than thirty-five. A negro, the same as a white man, could never be President if born out of the United States. But every argument in favor of the negro's right to vote on the same conditions that the white man votes, is equally an argument for the negro's right to hold office on the same conditions that the white man holds office. The argument is, that the rights of men have no relation to the color of their skins, and that although men may be excluded from the elective franchise for pauperism, for participation in rebellion, for lunacy, for felony, for alienism, for non-residence, they cannot be rightfully excluded for no other reason than the color of their skins. All distinctions founded on color are proclaimed by the Republican party to be unjust and absurd; a doctrine which they must either abandon or accept its necessary consequence that negroes have an equal right with white men to hold office.

The Republicans in our Constitutional Convention must therefore be consistent and open the door for negro governors, negro mayors of cities, and negro occupants of every grade of office, State and municipal. It is their great mission to erase the word *white* from the vocabulary of politics. The eligibility of negroes to all public offices will be a harmless innovation in this State, their numbers being so small and the antipathy to their race so strong that their white fellow-voters are never likely to elect or even to nominate them. Their Radical patrons wish to make them voters, not to share the offices with them, but to use them as tools for giving the white Radicals a monopoly of political power. But in the South the boot will be worn on the other leg. *There*, the voting negroes, instead of being an insignificant fraction of the Republican party, will form the great bulk of it. They will be a majority of ten to one in every caucus, and their delegates will be proportionally strong in every nominating convention. They will say, and justly say, "The Republican party have made us voters merely to keep their leaders in office, and as their ascendancy in the country depends upon our support, we will exact an equivalent for our votes. As the white Republicans exclude our colored brethren from office in all the Northern States, we will redress the injustice by taking all the offices for ourselves in the South, where we have the power." This is a result on which the Republican party may not yet have reflected, but it is one which they cannot prevent. Equality in office-holding follows as legitimately from their principles as equality in voting. They dare not confer the one and withhold the other, lest the negroes, indignant at the inconsistency, should turn against them and vote with the other party. The Republicans are under a delusion if they suppose the Southern negroes will give all the votes and take none of the offices. A fat office is as valuable to a negro as to a white man, and will be coveted by him all the more eagerly as a means of removing the badge of inferiority put upon him by his color. That the negroes will vote themselves into office wherever they have the power is as certain by the principles of human nature as it is by the law of gravity that unsupported bodies will fall to the earth. Black governors and black legislatures in the Southern States, black Senators and Representatives sent from those States to Congress, will be the natural and necessary fruit of a policy which confers the ballot upon the negroes and organizes them into a party of which they will form a large majority. It is equally certain that the Southern whites will be restless and recalcitrant under the insolent rule of their former slaves, a certainty that opens a hideous vista of bloody brawls and military domination at which humanity stands aghast and patriotism shudders. These hideous consequences will be the natural fruit of the Radical policy of forcing negro suffrage on the South.

THE SOUTH AND RECONSTRUCTION.

The *Times* says:

Congress is disposed to make clean work of its reconstruction business. The bill reported by the Reconstruction Committee in the House is definite enough, and absolute enough, to satisfy the most fastidious. It simply makes the military commander of each district the only government over its people and within its limits; and sweeps away all other authority, legislative, executive or judicial, that might stand in his way. It treats the whole Southern country as if it were in a state of war, and hands it over to the absolute control of military power.

We are not disposed to object to this. We deem it wholly unconstitutional, but that seems to be of little consequence. Thomas Jefferson and James Madison would have opened their eyes pretty wide, if such action had been proposed in their day, or if they had been told it would become possible in anybody's day; but they have both been dead a long time, and are becoming *more* dead every year. Besides, we are passing through a revolution—one much more thorough and complete than the one which achieved our independence of Great Britain—one which is working far greater changes in the nature of our government and the spirit of our institutions than that did—one before which constitutional forms and limitations of power avail less than nothing as checks and restraints on the popular will.

But the country stands in the presence of one paramount, overwhelming necessity—the necessity of a restored Union; and we shall not oppose or resist anything which promises *that*. There is danger that if we do not get that *soon*, we may never get it. There is danger that our government may become one of factions backed by force—of conflicting sections and States—of jarring and wrangling interests, yielding obedience only to arms, having no sympathy with each other, no common pride, no mutual love, no adequate consciousness of their common weal and common destiny.

The Reconstruction law promises to restore the Union, if its conditions are fulfilled. It opens a gate through which the Southern States can come back and again become constituents of the nation. We want to see that end accomplished, and we welcome any law any authority, any state of things which promises to bring it about. We think it far better that the South should be subjected for six months to the will of five military commanders,

…of these absolute and supreme in his own district, than be exposed to commotion, anarchy and military domination for ten years; and that seems to us the only alternative open to them.

We trust, therefore, that Congress will pass its explanatory law without delay. Make it so clear and explicit that even Mr. Stanbery, with his legal microscope, can detect no flaw in it. Whatever else it is, let it at least be definite, and then, when the Southern States have accepted and fulfilled its conditions, keep faith with them and take them back into Congress and the Union on an equal footing with the other States. When *that* is done, we shall have a beginning of a restored and perfect Union—if we are ever to have it at all.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867.

Wendell Phillips's

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WENDELL PHILLIPS is Special Editorial Contributor.

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THE SOUTH.

How much has Andrew Johnson learned, in his recent tour, of the opinion of Massachusetts? He has spent a few days in the State; made speeches, and had speeches made at him; sat at splendid banquets, and been carried through crowded streets. He was received by these crowds with civil respect, because of the office he held. His Masonic brethren gave him an unalloyed welcome, concealing the reluctance some of their comrades had to inviting him at all. Mr. Collector Russell thanked him for his presence, held him up as an example to the youth of the nation, and specially to the erring boys of the school-ship, pointing them to the "eloquent sermon of his life"—*his life!*—success over the stepping-stones of every crime except, as some think, murder! Beside this, Gov. Bullock crowded welcomes on him, and hoped he would stay long enough to see not only the State's respect for the office he held, but "OUR RESPECT FOR HIM PERSONALLY!!"

Was not that a bold flight in our imaginative Governor? It is hardly possible such success could have been achieved in a *first* effort. Likely enough he has tried his hand before in such fiction. I remember Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton listening to a magnificent Munchausen like that from the lips of Wellington, and quoting to those round him Pope's lines:

> "How full of weight! how strong! how bold!
> The big, round lie, with manly courage told."

If these things were said in open day, and with thousands listening, we can easily imagine the warm whispers of support breathed into his private ear. Jefferson Davis visited Maine the year before the rebellion, and carried home most enthusiastic pledges of support from his Democratic friends. No doubt Johnson carries back the same, and they will prove just as thoroughly "broken reeds."

How much does Johnson learn from all this of the real heart of Massachusetts? Just nothing. Collectors' speeches?—only crookings of "the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning." Governors' welcomes?—only small abilities trying to achieve high office, and so sedulously becoming "all things to all men." Does any man really doubt the sturdy purpose and stern Radicalism of Massachusetts? Not one; not those speakers themselves.

Why dwell, then, on this common-place spectacle of politicians on their knees to power? In order to draw this inference: *Johnson learned from his visit just as much of Massachusetts as Mr. Senator Wilson and Mr. Congressman Kelley learned of the South from theirs.* How much either of these gentlemen knew of the South before they started—how much they, intelligent men, had learned of the South from a thousand trustworthy sources, we are not now debating. What we call attention to is this: their tour at the South was as little able to teach them its true condition as Johnson's tour in Massachusetts to teach him its real purpose. They passed through hurriedly; saw only their own party, men who sought them, men who wished to conciliate them. Like a Northerner in old times, visiting a Southern plantation, they were allowed to see only as much as it was best for them to see. Like the Empress Catherine of Russia, entertained as she travelled by gay cottages and well-dressed peasantry got up for the occasion.

Judge Kelley provoked one *fact:* his strong words broke the spell, revealed the Camanche savage under the varnish. So much he knows—only so much.

If we wish to know the South, go there without the prestige of office or the protection of Senatorial mantles. Let no fear of us stop talkative mouths or set tongues to false tunes. Get out of our cliques. Stay at the South long enough to test all classes. Attempt to execute Federal laws there and notice the result. When a Major-General in command, carrying a belated gentleman home a dozen miles in his carriage, is told at the door of the latter's mansion, "Sir, I wish I could repay your kindness by asking you into my house, but I cannot," that Federal officer learns the dread bitterness of Southern women's hate, so stern that a husband dares not provoke it by offering hospitality to a United States officer. Woman! who does so much to mould society at present and for the future. A dozen facts like this are better evidence than all the varnished millennium that Mr. Senator Wilson reports. He reports all he saw; but he saw no more than Gen. Grant did when, two years ago, having dined with the officers' mess at Savannah and ridden out with a brother West Pointer, he left the city to report at Washington that "Savannah was thoroughly loyal."

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

CONGRESS at the time we write (Wednesday) has matured nothing definite in supplementary legislation. There are separate propositions for explanatory bills, one offered in the Senate by Mr. Trumbull, and the other by Mr. Stevens in the House. The latter has been adopted by a large vote in the House. No vote has yet been taken in the Senate. The bills agree in their main provisions. That of Mr. Stevens deprives the President of the power of removing the military commanders, while Mr Trumbull's does not interfere with that prerogative of the Executive but gives to the General of the army (Gen. Grant) a concurrent authority with the district commanders.

THE NEGRO IN OFFICE.

WE are glad to observe an increasing inclination among the colored men of the South to claim a share in the future management of public affairs. We notice that Cornelius Harris, a colored shoemaker, has been proposed as a candidate for Mayor of Richmond, Va. Three blacks and two whites have been proposed for the Common Council. This is as it should be. We trust that they will be elected. The colored people of the South, with a small margin of the whites, are our faithful and trustworthy allies. We have no others in that portion of the country. It is true that colored men have had little experience in official life, and in the transaction of public business. They learned readily, and were very efficient in the war. Their progress in school learning has been most gratifying under great disadvantages. The Savings Banks indicate their frugality and thrift. We are willing to trust such people in office, and where they are in the majority, we hope to see ere long the offices in their keeping. This is the logical sequence of their emancipation and enfranchisement. Gen. Sickles need not, and ought not to trouble himself about filling offices in his department because so many of their former occupants are now, by their treason, disqualified. South Carolina is destined, sooner or later, with her large majority of colored inhabitants, to be represented not only in her State offices, but in the Congress of the United States, by able and competent colored men. There are such on her soil to-day. General Sickles instead of overlooking their just claims, to plead the cause of our white betrayers, as in his letter to Senator Trumbull, should forthwith call these men into official service. We will guarantee that with very little instruction, they will prove as efficient coadjutors in the work of practical reconstruction as they were on picket duty in the war.

Whether voluntarily or not, the Republican party, or a more worthy successor, must, at an early period, throw wide open the doors of official station to the blacks upon equal terms with the whites in both State and National governments, despite the protestations of the *Tribune*, and the weak-kneed and blindly selfish politicians. Two colored men have served Massachusetts in the capacity of legislators with credit to the State and honor to themselves. We shall not object to an "arm-in-arm" spectacle, when it shall consist of a Massachusetts President and a South Carolina Vice-President, white and colored respectively, to be duly inaugurated in official position in the National capitol. To this goal we are tending. We shall leave no stone unturned to hasten the day.

A MASS CONVENTION under the auspices of the Equal Rights Association, was held at Lake Waccabuc in Westchester county, New York, on the 4th inst. It was estimated that fifteen hundred people were present. The meeting was addressed by Hon. E. D. Culver, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Charles Lenox Remond. The arrangements for the meeting were in charge of Mr. Edwin A. Studwell, and were very complete and satisfactory. We shall give the resolutions and a more extended notice of the meeting next week.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION at Albany has made little progress in business since our last issue. The debate on the report of the Suffrage Committee was opened on Tuesday last. Several amendments were offered, one by George William Curtis, Esq., proposing suffrage for women, which was subsequently withdrawn to be renewed at a later date. No speeches of special importance were made.

ANY of our subscribers who may not keep a file of THE STANDARD and who can return to us the number for July 5 (last week's), will confer a special favor. We have had more calls for it than we have been able to supply from the edition printed.

A LETTER from an occasional correspondent at Charleston, S. C.; another from our Paris correspondent; and one from Col. C. E. Moss, with others, we are reluctantly compelled to defer till next week.

PERSONAL.

It is said Gov. Brownlow's health is now much better than it has been for a year past.

Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, at last accounts, was lecturing at Augusta, Ga. She is doing much good at the South.

The Home Journal, organ of fashionable society, says the handsomest lady in America, is Miss Emily Schomberg of Philadelphia.

Gov. Ward, of New Jersey, was, on the fourth of July, the recipient of a beautiful saddle, a present of the citizens of Newark.

Rev. E. E. Hale don't seem to place much value on college education. He told the united literary societies of Antioch College, the other day, that when fifty years have passed not one fourth of any class will be found to have been of real, visible use in the world, except the humble use of keeping the great machine going.

The Iowa Falls *Sentinel* mentions a forehanded Quaker farmer in that county who refused to sell his grain at the ruling exorbitant prices, but sold to the necessitous only, for 50 to 75 cents less than current rates. His name is Levi Reece, and deserves to be held in honorable remembrance.

Miss Caroline Richings, the well-known cantatrice, fell down stairs at her summer residence near West Chester, Pa., on Thursday last, and seriously injured herself in the side and head. Her life was at first despaired of, but she is now rapidly recovering, and her physicians say her injuries are not of a dangerous character.

Rev. Rowland Connor, whose case we mentioned last week, we are happy to learn, was sustained, after the action of the proprietors of School Street Church, by the worshippers, by about ten to one. Dr. Miner, the senior pastor, presented the singular spectacle of appearing at the meeting in opposition to his colleague, but had his propositions rejected.

It is said President Johnson has pardoned Robert Toombs of Georgia and ex-Gov. Clarke of North Carolina. Toombs writes from Washington, Georgia, June 19, to the corresponding Secretary of a Democratic Committee:

"I regret nothing in the past but the dead and the failure, and am to-day ready to use the best means I can command to establish the principles for which I fought."

The *Tribune's* Washington correspondent of the 9th inst. says: "Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell has been here for several days obtaining signatures to a declaration favoring equal political rights for women. It has been signed so far by Senators Wade, Anthony, Sprague, Nye, Pomeroy, and Ross, and Representatives Julian, Trowbridge, Broomall, Loughridge, and some others. Mrs. J. S. Griffin is also obtaining signatures for the same cause.

In the letter of our friend Nathaniel Barney, published last week, it was designed by the writer that the name of THANKFUL SOUTHWICK, well known to, and beloved by many of our readers, for her devotion to the Anti-Slavery cause, should have been mentioned, as a descendant of the Hussey and Bunker families, of the early settlers of Nantucket, whose Anti-Slavery action was noted.

In the same letter for "Tristam Coffin returned," read "Edward Starbuck went," etc.

London is about to raise a monument to Richard Cobden, of which the *Morning Star* gives the following description: The site chosen for the erection of the monument is in Camden Town, and was granted by the vestry of St. Pancras. The foundation, which was laid gratuitously by the contractor for the roads, consists of granite, and is very substantially constructed. The pedestal, now in the course of erection, will be of Portland stone, eight feet square at the base; above the basement it will be hexagonal in figure, tapering at intervals, and ornamented with carvings of fruit, flowers and corn, the altitude of this portion of the monument being fifteen feet. It will be surmounted by a marble statue of the great free-trader, in the attitude of addressing a public meeting."

Rev. George Hepworth, in his oration before the people of Boston, on the 4th inst., had an allusion to Jefferson Davis which will find an echo in millions of loyal hearts:

"Ah! gentlemen, I am not cruel. I do not like to look even upon the merited punishment of a bad man. But this I say: There is one man too many in America. America, ever busy and eager, filled with the hope of the morrow more than with the memory of any past, holds the great offender, the man who stood at the head of the organized rebellion, and cheered his soldiers to their bloody work, within her fortressed walls. The people cry out for justice with thunder tones, that echo from the Pacific shore to the Atlantic slope. But policy or cowardice, I know not which, finds excuse for delay, and by slow degrees the people's cry grows fainter and fainter, until at last, when the prisoner is released, scarcely a ripple of surprise or interest ruffles the surface of the nation's daily life. Posterity shall read this terrible sentence, written on the bloody page of our time: A republic attaches no penalty to a great crime. Only a petty guilt is punished; while colossal crime finds an apologist, if not an eulogist, and holds its court in Canada. God grant it may not be the seed-corn of another rebellion."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, July 8, 1867.

THE popular direction for one who tells a story is that he should put a cocked hat on its head and a stick in its hand, that it may make a creditable appearance before the world. The artists of your New York papers seem to have followed the spirit of this rule in their sketches of the President's progress through Boston. If, indeed, they are themselves Free and Accepted Masons, no doubt they will do the utmost possible in aid of one who is at once a President and a "Brother," according to their oath. Perhaps, however, the customs of that division of the craft of artists are so well understood that it is superfluous to say that all which, in their pictures, represents *enthusiasm* in the Boston reception of the President was simply manufactured embroidery, an addition, for effect, to the actual scene.

Not that our own people were guiltless in this matter. The cheers that were given, and given *to the President*, at a few points of the long route followed by the procession, were not a disgrace to Boston, because there are always Democrats and copperheads enough here to make that amount of noise; but some of the daily press, in claiming that respect ought to be shown by the whole people even to *such* a President, and some of the officials, voluntarily extending those compliments to the man which their position required them to pay to the office, did seriously misbehave themselves. This was the more inexcusable, since the Mayor of Boston, who was of course the first on the part of this city to accost the President, made him an unexceptionable address, strictly limited to those civilities which his station required. Our Governor seemed to have intended to do the same thing, for his brief speech followed the same line of thought and expression until the very last phrase. And perhaps it was accident, a literal *lapsus linguæ*, that made him add, "and to you personally," after expressing his desire, and that of the people, to show honor to the President's *office*. No doubt, this fault is one into which a courteous man may naturally and easily fall; but office implies responsibility; a Governor of Massachusetts had no right to utter such words.

The chief offender, however, was he whom we have been wont to call "Judge" Russell, but who seems, unfortunately, to have made up his mind to lay aside the character of Judge with the function. Collector Russell applied himself vigorously, in advance of the coming of the President, to "prepare the way before him." He used his great influence in the city to cause its officials and its people to give a hearty welcome to Andrew Johnson—to ignore the obvious fact of his unworthiness, alike as a man and a public functionary—and to act, in the matter of his reception and entertainment, as if he were a good President and a good man. Even this was not the worst. He played so far the part of a parasite as to compliment this Andrew Johnson before the boys of the Massachusetts "school ship;" and to refer to him as a model for their imitation, in language which, however susceptible of a sarcastic rendering (as some one has charitably urged in extenuation), must have been taken by the boys, in connection with the Collector's demeanor towards the President, as serious.

Now, these boys, it is to be feared, are not very good boys, having been placed there by sentence of the court, for petty offences. They are placed there partly for restraint, but also for improvement, and for mental and moral education; it is believed that they *do* improve; and it is certain that many of the influences aiding their mental and moral education have been due to "Judge" Russell's humanity, forethought, influence, and assiduous personal supervision, for a series of years past. More's the pity that the Collector should allow himself to undo the Judge's work! More's the pity that poison should flow, seemingly from the same spring which was used to give forth sweet and salubrious water.

Whether commercial changes have produced a scarcity of "Chinese crackers," or whether our police arrangements for the night preceding the 4th of July were more efficient than ever before, I know not; but I never remember the passage of that period, in city or country, with so little disturbance. The people of Boston had their fair allowance of sleep until after daylight on the 4th, and the day itself was found, by most persons here, to pass with unusual quietness, until a small tornado, in the afternoon, mixed our air with dust, in a very uncomfortable manner, and a violent thunderstorm, in the evening, interrupted those who were viewing the fireworks on the Common.

But it appeared, the next morning, that an unusual number of crimes of violence had been perpetrated in the city and vicinity; and that several cases of brutal assault, some of them ending in homicide, and a large amount of drunkenness, had occurred to disgrace our holiday.

The city, however, had made some judicious provision for the thirst of its visitors that burning day. Some of the drinking fountains on the Common (it ought to have been done with *all*) were covered with tents conspicuously labelled "Ice-water, Free." In these an abundant supply of ice was stored, and in each two men were all day long filling twenty mugs for the numbers who applied for that luxurious refreshment. No part of the public provision for the welfare and entertainment of our citizens and guests was better bestowed than this; and if the city would carry the idea further, and provide cold water for drinking in a dozen of the most crowded portions of the city through the Summer months, it would be at once an immense public benefit and an aid to the execution of the prohibitory liquor law.

We have news from Dr. Howe, as late as the 13th of June, respecting the condition of the suffering people of Crete, whose relief was the object of his voyage. Rations are distributed to about 12,000 persons; but these, being on the average only about 5 cents per day, scarcely suffice for necessary food, and there must be thousands of cases not registered or known, and therefore not receiving even this scanty supply. More money and more contributions of clothing are still urgently needed; and this at a time when we have vast numbers of Greeks, as John Randolph said, at our own door in need of help.

So far as I remember, you have not yet noticed the disgraceful exhibition that Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper has made of himself in his book entitled "Nojoque: a Question for a Continent." The most judicious critical notice your correspondent has seen of this book, was in the *Evening Gazette*, a weekly paper of this city. The critic correctly says that "The Impending Crisis of the South," the well-known former work by the same author, was a free soil rather than an Anti-Slavery compilation; for Mr. Helper expressed no sympathy for the negroes, but for the poor whites only. He hated slavery in consequence of its injurious influence on the landless whites and on the progress of the country—not because it weighed with a merciless cruelty on the slaves themselves. It was the outcry of the non-slaveholder against a system which injured his class, not of a man against a crime which did violence to his kind. The critic goes on to say that Mr. Helper in this book, as in his first volume, has shown himself to be a true representative of "the poor white trash" of the Southern States. For, in "Nojoque" he gives voice to all the jealousy, all the malignity, all the prejudice and all the spite which his class entertain towards the blacks. The book seems a deliberate effort to prove that the negro race, and all the mixtures into which it has entered, should be extirpated from this continent. The conclusion of the *Evening Gazette* respecting it is—

"Outside of the class of mean whites and of a lunatic asylum, no man living, in our judgment, could have written this book. Nothing but the brutal jealousy of the landless Southerner, or the madness of lunacy could have ventured, in the nineteenth century, to undertake to prove that the negro should be 'fossilized.' As an exhibition of the pure paganism of a large Southern class, it will hereafter be consulted by scholars for the same purpose that geologists now study the skeletons of the mastodon. It belongs to an age gone forever, and will be classed among the monsters of antediluvian ethics."

Mr. Helper's ravings are directed against not negroes and mulattoes only, but all the races darker-skinned than the Caucasian, none of which, in his opinion, are fit to live. He praises all the people and things that are white, and lavishes an immense variety of abusive and vituperative epithets upon those persons and things that show any manner or degree of variation from that favored color. It is a singular circumstance that his own complexion is *very* dark, even more so, I think, than that of Daniel Webster, who was once refused entertainment in a country tavern, on the ground that they "didn't admit colored people."

NORTH.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

NO. VIII.

PARIS, June 1st, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR SIR: The period of hot weather, mentioned in my last letter, was succeeded by some equally as cold, which reminds one forcibly of the sudden changes of our New England climate. That again has been exchanged for some warm weather, and we are now enduring the full strength of the fiercest of Summer suns.

The part of the Universal Exhibition to be written about in this letter, is Gallery IV., comprising Group IV., and called "Vetement," which is intended to include not only clothing, but every article worn on the person, as well for adornment as for comfort. It will be seen from the nature of the title, that this circle is nothing more than an immense dry goods store, in which each tries to outdo his neighbor, in the silks, satins, cloths, etc., which he respectively exhibits. It is a circle of the Exhibition, in which, I will venture to say, more ladies are found, than in all the other parts put together, with the exception, perhaps, of the gallery of paintings. It is one which especially attracts their attention, for the reason that it is they who wear the great majority of these beautiful garments, and thus they are the only ones who can appreciate them. I can only wish that I was more capable of writing them a description worthy of their reading. As it is, I will do my best.

Let us commence our walk this time with the English department of the circle. There are first seen cotton goods of all kinds and of the very best manufacture. Following are ladies' and gentlemen's hats, particularly those of straw, which are displayed in great profusion. A goodly number of boots and shoes, including some finely made hunting boots, come next. Then there are laces and edgings in endless variety. Near by are woolen goods and all articles for Winter wear. Among these, one comes suddenly upon a steam fire engine, decidedly out of its place. How it should come here I cannot imagine, since all the other engines are in their proper place.

The English have on exhibition most splendid lace shawls, moire antiques and all articles of ladies' full dress. All the Scotch plaids are displayed to the greatest advantage, and the cases of ribbons are very prettily arranged. There is one case of neckties of every style and color, which many a dandy would sigh to possess. I noticed in this department, a certain kind of tissue, called "Royal Green Tissue," which never loses its brightness. There is one pattern which has been used for fifteen years, and the figures on it are as bright as ever. Following England comes her colonies and India. India has some very showy contributions. The celebrated camel's hair shawls of course stand first, the specimens being very rich and costly. Then there are India parasols and all kinds of curious jewelry and ornaments, mostly from Bombay, including costly silks, costumes and sashes, embroidered with diamonds and precious stones, worn by high native officials, and all other articles of dress peculiar to the country. Next comes the English jewelry, which is separated from the country itself, by the space allotted to the colonies. England has the finest collection of jewelry, next to France, in the whole Exhibition. The display of good, solid English watches is especially attractive. All the London watchmakers are prominently represented. Among others, are John Brogden and Charles Frodsham, the latter well known in the United States. The magnificent jewels belonging to the Countess of Dudley are here on exhibition. Among them, is a diadem composed exclusively of pearls and diamonds, and estimated at a fabulous amount, a necklace of pearls, another necklace of sapphires and diamonds, and a bracelet of diamonds, with opals. Brogden, besides his watches, has on exhibition a coat of red velvet, embroidered in every part with pearls, the property of the late Count Esterhazy, renowned for his love of jewelry, of which he had a large amount.

The United States next occupy our attention. The Germania Mills of Webster, Mass., have fine specimens of cloths. The Mission Woolen Mills of San Francisco exhibit the best blankets of any in the circle. There are several United States army uniforms, contributed, I believe, by the War Department. The Washington Mills of New York exhibit shawls. E. C. Burt of New York has a very creditable display of ladies' boots and shoes. E. Remington and Sons, New York, show their revolvers, breech-loading rifles, etc., as do also Smith & Wesson of Springfield, Mass. As of late years, these articles have been greatly worn upon the person, I suppose they cannot be considered out of place, but I do not remember seeing any other country which has displayed deadly weapons among articles of wearing apparel. The above is nearly all of note in the United States section. Americans turn their backs upon this, as upon other portions of the American show, with mingled feelings of shame and disappointment. It is true that there is an ocean rolling between the two countries, but that should not be an insurmountable obstacle to a people as enterprising as Americans. In the grounds, where America appears to much better advantage, the articles exhibited are much heavier and much more difficult of transportation than those on view inside the building. Why is it then, that the United States are so meanly represented within the Exhibition?

Russia makes a fine show in this circle. Among other articles are all kinds of Winter goods, immense mufflers, mittens, etc., very warm and certainly of great use in that cold climate. There are splendid furs of the best varieties, including some huge bear skin coats, and beautiful cloaks of ermine. The Russian War Department exhibit many of the uniforms of the Russian army—several of them are very handsome. There is a large assortment of carpet bags, trunks, etc., of *genuine* Russian leather, of which the perfume is most refreshing. Most every one of them have been sold (for pure Russian leather is very scarce), and in fact, a great many other Russian articles have the placard attached on which is printed "Vendu." The Russian jewelry is very showy. The prettiest things exhibited are some bracelets, in the middle of which are little watches, about the size of that once well-known American coin the 5 cent piece, and some necklaces, with watches attached as lockets.

Sweden and Norway also have a splendid contribution of furs. Denmark exhibits quantities of kid gloves, which look to be fully equal to the Parisian ones.

Portugal has but little to exhibit. There are some beautiful dresses of gauze, and several selections of serviceable clothes. Also pretty jewelry. Her War Department exhibit army uniforms, one or two of which are the showiest I have ever seen.

Switzerland's contributions are arranged in a very handsome compartment, similar to the one already spoken of, as in the circle of "Mobilier." Around the walls are hung specimens of Swiss lace. But the Swiss watches are the attraction in this section. There is a room entirely devoted to them, and every possible design is represented. Through the courtesy of the young Swiss in attendance, I was enabled to examine several of them. There is a butterfly of gold, diamonds and rubies, which has a miniature watch concealed under one wing. Another thing is a seal ring of chased gold, with a little watch in place of a stone. The watch is wound up by simply turning it round in the ring. One little ornament is a golden eagle, which, by touching a little spring near the neck, spreads its wings and discloses a watch set in diamonds on its breast. The inner side of the wings is covered with diamonds. The price is 3,600 francs.

Hunting watches are not in as high favor as formerly, since the frequent opening and shutting of the case, injures the delicate parts of the works. The best watches still have a double case, but with a small circular opening in the centre, by which the hour can be ascertained without opening the case. Altogether the watches sent by the Swiss, if not the most substantial, are the handsomest and fully sustain their former reputation. Prussia sends fine specimens of the well-known Berlin wool. She also displays a large amount of worsted work, of beautiful patterns. Next to Prussia is Belgium. In this department we see the noted Brussels lace, the specimens being rich and numerous. Also a great variety of yarns and woolen goods.

Finally, we reach France, which ends the circle. The French department seems to a Parisian to be a reproduction, on a diminished scale, of all the best dry goods and fancy goods shops of Paris. Shop follows after shop, each exhibiting his or her very best. It is needless to say that the display is magnificent. Paris shop-keepers are renowned for their skill and taste in arrangement, and they have exhausted every effort on their displays in the Exhibition. The first thing noticed in the French section is a group of figures, representing the French peasants, each dressed in the costume of the province to which they belong. Some of these costumes are very picturesque, fully equal in that respect to those of the Swiss mountaineers. Then we pass in succession the expositions of the Paris shopkeepers. We regard hastily the splendid French cashmere shawls, French fans, prettily arranged, of every form and made of almost every substance, kid gloves, gorgeous church vestments with mitres richly adorned with precious stones, Free Mason's symbols, a whole compartment filled with buttons of every size and color, moire antiques, silks, velvets, laces, and a host of other pretty things, until at last we stop, in wonder and delight, before the beautiful display of artificial flowers. Do not think of ordinary artificial flowers, which, however pretty they may be, can easily be told from the original, but recall to your mind the loveliest natural flowers that you have ever seen, and then, let me tell you that these are lovelier yet. Art has literally, in this instance, triumphed over nature. There is one "massif," composed of roses, lilies, pinks and camelias, which cannot be surpassed. While examining these flowers, I was much amused by the following remarks, which passed between a party of English, who were loud and profuse in their exclamations of praise. The father turned to one of the ladies and said, "Its of no use, Ellen, I shall never cultivate any more roses; hereafter, I shall buy mine at this shop." "But, papa," replied the lady, "they have no scent." "Buy some scent and sprinkle it over them," rejoined *pater familias*. "And I'll bet $50," added another gentleman of the party, "that nobody could tell the difference."

Leaving the flowers, we reach the French jewelry. The jewelry exhibited in this section is the most dazzling and magnificent that has ever been sent to a universal exhibition. At certain hours of the day there is such a crowd of the gentler sex about the cases in which these enticing ornaments are exhibited, that nobody else can get near them. The French ladies especially, have an excessive fondness for jewelry, and crowds of them will stand for hours about the cases, comparing the different sets of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, etc., and chattering all the time with a vivacity and fire known only to the "*belle francaise*." All an outsider can do is to stand, watching and listening. As to seeing the jewelry at these times, it is impossible.

There is one case of rings worth by itself a considerable fortune. Another of lockets, almost as valuable. There are some sprigs of diamonds, for wearing in the hair, each one of which is worth several thousand francs. One beautiful ornament, skilfully put together, and which attracts large crowds, is a peacock's feather, formed of diamonds, emeralds and sapphires. In one case is a collection of the crosses of the different orders of royalty, set in diamonds and other precious stones. The handsomest is the French decoration of the Legion of Honor. With the jewelry, this circle ends, and we once more find ourselves opposite the English section. In the next letter, I shall write about Group II., called Materials for the Usual Arts, and Group VI., which comprise the circle of the cafés.

The police duty of the Exhibition is performed by five hundred and fifty-three ordinary policemen and fifty-two detectives. The former are all men of a certain age, who have been long in the service, and know how to accomplish their duties without offending the public by an excess of zeal. They are commanded by twenty-nine inspectors. There are also one hundred and ten men of the regiment of the Garde de Paris, who are always on duty at the entrances. Two police stations are established within the grounds, each comprising a lock-up for men, capable of receiving from fifteen to twenty persons and a smaller one for women.

The Exhibition building opens at 8 a. m. and closes at 6 p. m. The grounds are open, however, until 11 p. m., and the price of admission from six until that time is only half a franc. The crowds in daily attendance increase every day. The daily receipts now average 50,000f. and on certain days the numbers run up to 80 or 100,000. The original expenditure on the Exhibition was 20,000,000f., of which 6,000,000f. were contributed by the French government, 6,000,000f. by the municipality of Paris and 8,000,000f. by the association. It is now stated that 8,000,000f. have already been received at the entrances, and that, should nothing unfortunate occur, the exhibition will, before its close, fully pay for itself.

The veteran composer Rossini, had an audience of the Emperor, at the Tuileries on Tuesday evening last, when he presented to His Majesty the score of his unpublished hymn, which is to be executed at the moment that the sovereigns enter the great nave of the Palace of Industry, on the 1st of July next, the day fixed for the distribution of the prizes of the Universal Exhibition. The execution of the piece is confided to M. George Haine and his orchestra, M. Jules Cohen and his choruses, and M. Panfus and his military band. The accompaniment, moreover, requires the aid of some enormous bells and of cannon, fired at intervals. The Sovereigns who are to make their entry to the sound of this formidable music are, the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the Sultan of Turkey, the King and Queen of Portugal, the Viceroy of Egypt, and the King of Sweden.

A committee representing the British artisans has lately been arranging with the French government to have deputations from the working classes come over to Paris to see the Exhibition, and to study the portions of it relating to their particular trades. A workman's society of Naples has initiated the movement by sending twenty delegates to Paris at a cost of 300 francs each, travelling expenses included. Each workman, in exchange for the advantages of a pleasure trip gratis, engages to study the portion of the Exhibition which concerns his branch of trade, to take notes, and to draw up a report on his return. Medals will be awarded to the delegates who shall have the best acquitted themselves of their task.

The Exhibition in the Palace of Industry of the French living artists will close on the 6th of June. The artists are very angry indeed about it, and have petitioned the Minister of the Beaux-Arts to allow them to keep it open during the Summer. The request has been refused, since the building is to be used for the distribution of prizes on the 1st of July, and there is hardly time to prepare it. I briefly mentioned this exposition in a former letter. The space will not now admit of an *extended* notice, and therefore I will simply say that the collection of paintings, taken as a whole, is not equal to that of preceding years, and is vastly inferior to that of the Royal Academy in London. The best picture in the whole collection is by a foreign artist, George Saal, of Berlin, Prussia. It is called the "Chase of the Reindeer in the Mountains of Upper Norway." In everything which goes to make up a perfect picture, it has hardly an equal. The sun is setting upon the snow mountains, and the tints thrown upon the snow are so exquisitely painted that you can hardly believe that you are looking upon a picture. It has already taken a gold medal, and therefore cannot again take a prize in this. Gustave Doré exhibits two large paintings. The subjects are, "Jeptha and her Companions," and "Le Tapis Vert." They are both good, especially the latter, which represents a gambling scene at Baden-Baden. It is the general opinion of the critics, however, that Doré is much finer as a sketcher and illustrator than as a painter of large pictures. Meissonier has two of his little gems of pictures, very delicate and very pretty, as are all his pictures. The other prominent French artists are all represented, though there is nothing by any of them particularly striking. Rosa Bonheur is mentioned in the catalogue as having two pictures; but they are not to be found in the collection.

The pictures of the celebrated Pommersfelden gallery have lately been sold at the Hotel Droust. This collection was commenced about two centuries ago by the Prince Elector of Mayence, and has been continually added to. The announcement of the auction brought together an immense number of amateurs, and the sale lasted two days. The following are some of the prices obtained the first day: "Starting for the Chase," by Van der Meulen, 8,100f; "The Smoker," by Teniers, 9,000f; "The Gallery of the Arch Duke Albert at Brussels," by the same, 15,000f; "The Fish-wife" by the same, 42,000f; "The Hostlery," by Phillip Wouvermans, 65,000f. The total amount received the first day was 490,525f. The next day the sale was resumed, when three Rembrandts fetched 41,000f, seven Reubens 155,000f, the highest price paid for a single one being 45,500f. "Charity," by Rubens, was bought in at 150,000f. The total sum realized the second day was 538,585f.

At the theatres there is but little change. Madame Ristori has arrived here, bringing back her loads of American gold, and has given four grand representations at Les Italiens. She received a hearty welcome from the Parisians.

On the 1st of July Mr. Sothern comes from London to the same theatre, to perform before the French the famous character of Lord Dundreary, which had such immense success in England. At the Lyrique Gounod's new opera of Romeo and Juliette has been brought out and draws crowded houses, although the music is much inferior to that of Faust. The cast is very good, although Romeo is a most unromantic looking individual, and reminds one more of *charbonnier* than of the ideal Romeo of Shakspeare.

The piece, however, which is most fashionable at present in Paris, and which all the crowned heads who visit the capital go to see, is a buffo opera by Offenbach, called "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," which is performed nightly at Les Varietes. The music is simple, but pretty and pleasing, and La Duchesse, as personated by Mlle. Schneider, a charming actress and singer, is a very attractive character. The piece is likely to have an extraordinary run. Patti and Mlle. Neillson, of the Lyrique, have both left for London. The latter makes her debut there next Tuesday in Traviata.

Paris is all excitement about the arrival of the Emperor of Russia and other notabilities, but of all this I will write you next time.

Very truly yours,

EDMUND Q. PUTNAM.

THE MORTALITY OF NATIONS.

ADDRESS OF PARKER PILLSBURY,

At the First Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association, May 9, 1867.

THE resolutions just read refer to the comparative longevity of nations and of individual men, and of their respective performance, while existence lasts.

Among nations, have arisen Franklins and Washingtons, Humboldts and Howards; and these have had their archetypes in the saints and sages, the philosophers and philanthropists of ancient times. But what individual nation of any period, has been the Plato or Pythagoras, the Howard or the Humboldt, the Franklin or Washington of all the rest? or has achieved proportionally, so long a life? or expired at last in sunsets of serenity and glory, and been embalmed and enshrined in the tears and gratitude of mankind? It is often said that the life of a nation is as the life of an individual; with beginning, progress, decay and dissolution. But the resemblance holds only in part. Consciousness comes to an individual, and self-respect; and from that hour growth and greatness (it may be) begin.

But with nations it is not so. Consciousness and self-respect seem not to pertain to mind in masses, more than to matter. Both may become avalanches, sweeping all before them. The world has not made the same demand of nations as of individuals, and so nothing is expected of them. Nations, hitherto, are badly brought up; have had indeed no bringing up. As yet they can be called but the primeval forests of civilization. In the light of a thousand years hence, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries will be "darker ages" than the eighth and ninth are to-day.

Accepting three score and ten as the common life of an individual, a *degree* at least of honorable manhood is often achieved, both in personal virtues, and in noble performance.

The canticles of the Almanac used to run,

> "At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
> At thirty, strong, if ever;
> At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
> At sixty, good, or never."

But at what age has any *nation* of any period or place become wise, rich, or even strong; to say nothing of good?

The Roman Catholic Church is older than any civilized government on the globe. Lord Macaulay says, "It is the only institution left standing which carries the mind back to the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when tigers and camel leopards bounded in the Flavian Amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, compared with the line of the supreme Pontiffs, traced back in unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond stretches the august dynasty, until it fades into the twilight of fable! She saw the commencement of all the governments on the globe, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments now existing; and there is no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all!"

The world has an accepted chronology of six thousand years. Its history and experience in government reach back forty centuries.

It would be an interesting inquiry with what results governments have existed so long, especially in the later periods and among the most enlightened of the nations.

Germany in the former and Spain in the latter portion of the sixteenth century almost ruled the world. Charles the Fifth boasted that his empire saw no setting sun. It included Spain and all her vast American provinces, over large part of which to-day wave our own Stars and Stripes.

The national escutcheon bore two globes; and the coin, the two Pillars of Hercules, the then acknowledged boundary of the Eastern world, with the motto "More beyond."

Spain, too, under Philip Second, dictated law, learning and religion, especially religion, to unknown millions, not alone in Europe, but in North and South America, Africa and all the Indies. And now in the centre of Europe proper, and remote in its south-western corner, are all that remain there of these two mighty powers of the sixteenth century; figured most appropriately, on the map of the world they once ruled, as two little splashes of blood.

France in the eighth century under Charlemagne, was another mistress of the globe. And Charlemagne was crowned by the Pope "Sovereign of the New Empire of the West." Distant princes and potentates came to do him homage, like the Queen of Sheba to the court of King Solomon. And yet, in less than fifty years, all that mountain of magnificence exploded; and many rival nations sprang from its lava streams of blood and ashes!

A remnant, too, of France was preserved; and its history for almost eight hundred years, "may be traced, like the tracks of a wounded man, through a crowd, by the blood;" until it culminated in French revolution ("suicide of the eighteenth century," as Carlyle calls that terrible phenomenon) and Napoleon Bonaparte

And he also summoned to his coronation the Roman Pontiff, like his great predecessor of a thousand years before. And beneath the solemn arches and arcades of Notre Dame, was crowned by Pope Pius the Seventh—*"The high and mighty Napoleon, the First Emperor of the French!"*

Plunging remorselessly into the most desolating wars, he soon astonished the civilized world with his successes. He made himself master of almost half the globe, and the terror of all the rest. He gave kingdoms to his four brothers, like baubles, his own vast possessions not feeling their loss. The earthquake that shook down Lisbon and entombed it forever, boiled the whole Atlantic like a cauldron and stirred the waters of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence as bubbling springs. So, too, the reign of Napoleon was an earthquake, which, for fifteen years, shook the sea and the land, carrying down unnumbered Lisbons and innumerable human lives in the general cataclysm.

But he sunk at last! No triumph like his could be long. No such meteor ever flew its moment across the skies. He aspired to the very heaven of heavens in his ambitions; and his conquests were the wonder and terror of mankind. But he left France smaller, weaker, poorer and more debased and depraved than he found her. Was it not well sung of him, at his overthrow,

> "Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
> Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far!"

Of the late France—especially of its present condition, social and moral, as well as political—enough is well known to subserve all the purposes of this discussion.

Just eight hundred years ago last September, William the Norman landed in Britain and commenced its subjugation. Since that period, the history of Great Britain has not differed materially from that of other European nations. As the sun is said never to set on the British domain, so the thunder of its war-guns has reverberated almost continually in some corner of the globe.

To trace her history, however rapidly, even had we time, could give no pleasure to this audience, and would add nothing to my present argument. It is sufficient to say that, with real estate almost immeasurable, with personal property incalculable, with a wealth of material resources of every conceivable description, absolutely unknown and unknowable, she yet contrives to support her costly establishment by a system of oppressive taxation almost unparalleled in the annals of the human race.

Some of you must remember the graphic but not exaggerated description of British taxation given by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*. It was almost fifty years ago; but no less revenue must be raised in some way, still. He said:

"We have taxes upon everything which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the feet; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and in the waters under the earth; taxes on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material, taxes on every fresh value added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauces which pamper man's appetite, and the drugs that restore him to health; taxes on the ermine which decorates the judge, and on the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice; on the ribbons of the bride, on the shroud of the corpse and the brass nails of the coffin. The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth rides his taxed horse, with a taxed saddle and bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz-bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel. His virtues are then handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is gathered to his fathers, to be taxed no more!"

And we are told, what is doubtless true, that the enormous debt of Great Britain is the chain that binds its many parts together, and preserves its nationality. No nation, then, ever maintained a more precarious existence. Chartism in Scotland, Repeal in Ireland, Trades Strikes everywhere, East India Wars, Irish Famines, Fenianism, Reform Leagues, Reform Riots, Bread Riots—all these attest how volcanic is its under stratum, and what dangers impend above.

In some of the gloomy gorges of the Alps, there are seasons of the year when no traveller passes but at the risk of life, on account of the terrible *"thunder-bolts of snow"* that hang suspended on the sides or summits of the mountains. None can know their hour; but descend they must, by all the laws of gravitation, with resistless energy, sweeping all before them. At such times, all who pass creep along with trembling caution. They move in single file, at distance from each other, hurrying fast as possible, with velvet step, avoiding all noise, even whispers—the guides meanwhile muffling the bells of the mules, lest the slightest vibration communicated to the air should untie the tremulous mass overhead and entomb them forever.

Great Britain, with her frightful debt, her terrible taxation, her dissatisfied, restless, beggared myriads of the lower working classes, her remorseless aristocracy, her bloated spirit of caste, her enforced but heartless religion, has hung a more terrible avalanche over the head than ever leaped down the heights of the Tyrol.

Such are examples of success or failure in attempts at government, among the proudest and most prosperous nations of the Old World, in modern and what are called enlightened times.

If seventy years be the life of a man, what should be the life of a nation? Half the children born, die under five years old. But proportionably a greater mortality prevails among nations and governments. Not one nation has ever yet attained an honorable manhood. There is something rotten about every Denmark.

Will you tell me Democracy—Republicanism, consecrated by Christianity, is the remedy for all these ills? Let us look, then, at the best example.

Our own nation is not yet a hundred years old, but it had behind it in the beginning, the chronicles of forty or sixty centuries, written mostly in tears and blood. At the end of an eight years' revolutionary war, our new governmental columns were reared, not, like some pagan temples, on human skulls, but on the imbruted bodies and extinguished souls of five hundred thousand chattel slaves. We had our Declaration of Independence, our war of Revolution, and a new Constitution and code of laws. We had a Washington for our first President, a John Jay for Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, and a constellation of Senators, statesmen and sages who challenged the respect and admiration of mankind. We closed that dispensation with James Buchanan as Chief Magistrate, and Roger B. Taney as Chief-Justice, with his diabolical Dred Scott Decision, and with a war of Treason and Rebellion which deluged the land in the blood of more than half a million of men. We had multiplied our slaves to four millions, with new cruelties and horrors added to the system, and at least ten generations of them were lost in unknown graves. The new Republican President pledged his official word and honor to the rebels already in arms, that, would they but return to their allegiance, he would favor amendments to the Constitution that should not only render slave property more secure than ever before, but also make all its old guarantees and safeguards, *Fugitive Slave law and all*, forever *"irrevocable"* by any act or decree of Congress!

So were we endeavoring to bulwark and balustrade our slave-system about, in the name of a Christian Republicanism, when it was struck by the lightnings of a righteous retribution, and the world is rid of it forever.

And our old nationality went down in the ruin. Now we are divided, distracted, deranged in currency, commerce, diplomacy, with State and Federal liabilities resting on the people, the producing people, amounting to not less than six thousand millions of dollars, not to speak of current expenditures which are also appalling; with a President whose *weakness* finds no parallel but in his *wickedness*, with a Secretary of State who has become his full counterpart in both, and a Senate too cowardly, or too corrupt, to impeach the one or to seek the removal of the other!

For more than two years we have been attempting to restore the fragments of our once boasted Union. With the history and experience of forty centuries shining back upon us, so far we have failed. And under any existing or proposed policy we shall fail. By all the claims of justice and righteousness, we deserve to fail; for we are still defying those claims.

The son of Priam, a priest of Apollo, was commissioned to offer a sacrifice to propitiate the god of the sea. But the offering not being acceptable, there came up two enormous serpents from the deep and attacked the priest and his two sons who stood with him at the altar. The father attempted to defend his sons; but the serpents falling upon him, enfolded him and them in their complicated coils, and strangled them to a terrible death. Let this government beware. The very union proposed will only bind and hold us together as in the deadly folds of a serpent more fearful than all the fabled monsters of the past! And so, hitherto, republics are no exception to the general law. Rickets in infancy, convulsions in childhood, or premature rheumatisms, have brought the nations of history to untimely deaths.

Material interests may flourish, and nations grow great and powerful, make wars and conquests, and rule the world. The ancients did all this, but where are those haughty omnipotences now? Charlemagne did but little less, and in half a century his magnificence was brought to naught. Germany and Spain survived a little longer in their glory and grandeur; but now the scanty blood-splash on the map describes them well.

The United States, young among the nations, the mother earth six thousand years old at their birth, wet-nursed by forty centuries of history, and schooled by all the experience of the ages, with almost half a globe for their inheritance, with Christianity their faith and Republicanism their form of government, they survived a precocious childhood and then fell a victim to their own vices and crimes. To-day they are in the hands of many physicians, though of doubtful reputation, who seem far less desirous to cure the patient than to divide and share the estate.

My main point is this—we have had enough of the past in government. It is time to change. Literally almost, more than metaphorically, the "times are rotten ripe." We come to-day to demand—first an extension of the right of suffrage to every American citizen, of whatever race, complexion or sex.

Manhood or *male*-hood suffrage is not a remedy for evils such as we wish removed. The Anti-Slavery Society demands that; and so, too, do large numbers of both the political parties. Even Andrew Johnson at first recommended it, in the reconstruction of the rebel States, for three classes of colored men. The New York *Herald*, in the exuberance of its religious zeal, demanded that "members of Christian Churches" be added as a fourth estate to the three designated by the President.

The Woman's Rights Society contemplated suffrage only for woman. But we, as an Equal Rights Association, recognize no distinctions based on sex, complexion or race. The Ten Commandments know nothing of any such distinctions. No more do we.

The right of suffrage is as old, as sacred and as universal as the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is indeed the complement and safeguard of these and all civil and political rights to every citizen. The right to life would be nothing without the right to acquire and possess the means of its support. So it were mockery to talk of liberty and the pursuit of happiness, until the ballot in the hand of every citizen seals and secures it.

The right of the black man to a voice in the government was not earned at Olustee or Port Hudson. It was his when life began, not when life was paid for it under the battle-axe of war. It was his with Washington and Jefferson, James Buchanan and Abraham Lincoln. Not one of them could ever produce a higher, holier claim. Nor can any of us.

We are prating about *giving* right of suffrage to black *male* citizens, as complacently as we once gave our compassion and corn to famishing Ireland. But this famine of freedom and justice exists because we have produced it. Had our fleets and armies robbed Ireland of its last loaf, and left its myriads of inhabitants lean, ghastly skeletons, our charity would not have been more a mockery when we sent them bread to preserve them alive, than it is now when we talk of *giving* the ballot to those whom God created free and equal with ourselves.

And in the plenitude of our generosity, we even propose to extend the *gift* to woman also. It is proposed to make educated, cultivated, refined, loyal, tax-paying government-obeying woman equal to the servants who groom her horses, and scour the pots and pans of her kitchen. Unfortunate beings, without property, and scarcely knowing the English tongue, or any other, are entreated to grant to women, the superior of all the queens of the old world, the right to co-operate with them in the affairs of State. Women here in New York worth thousands and hundred of thousands in gold, and whose money is the meanest part of their real value in society, are humbly petitioning their coachmen, their footmen and gardeners, the discharged State-prison convicts, the idiots and lunatics, all of whom may and often do exercise the right of the ballot, to permit them also to share with them in making and executing the laws.

Our Maria Mitchells, our Harriet Hosmers, Harriet Beecher Stowes, Lydia Maria Childs and Lucretia Motts, with millions of the mothers and matrons of quiet homes, where they preside with queenly dignity and grace, are begging of besotted, debauched white male citizens, legal voters, soaked in whiskey, simmered in tobacco, and parboiled in every shameless vice and sin, to recognize them also as human, and graciously accord to them the rights of intelligent beings!

And, singularly enough, in some of the States it is proposed to grant the prayer. But the wisest and best men have no idea that they are only restoring what they have so long held by force, based on fraud and falsehood. They only propose to *give* woman the boon which they claim was theirs by heavenly inheritance. But they are too late with their sublime generosity. For God gave that when he gave life and breath, passions, emotions, conscience and will. Give gold, give lands, give honors, give office, give title of nobility, if you must; but talk not of giving natural, inalienable and heaven-derived endowments. God alone bestows these. He alone has them to give.

Our trade in right of suffrage is contraband. It is bold buccaneering on the commerce of the moral universe. If we have our *neighbor's* right of suffrage and citizenship in our keeping, no matter of what color, or race, or sex, then we have stolen goods in our possession; and God's search-warrant will pursue us forever, if those goods be not restored.

And then we impudently assert that "all just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed." But when was the consent of woman ever asked to one single act on all the statute books?

We talk of "trial by jury of our peers!" In this country of ours, women have been fined, imprisoned, scourged, branded with red-hot irons and hung; but when, or where, or for what crime or offence, was ever woman tried by a jury of her peers?

Suffrage was never in the hands of tyrants or of governments, but by usurpation. It was never given by them to any of us. We *brought* it; not *bought* it; nor conquered it; nor begged it; nor earned it; nor inherited it. It was man's inalienable, irrepealable, inextinguishable right from the beginning. It is so still; the same yesterday, to-day and while earthly governments last.

It came with the right to see and hear; to breathe and speak; to think and feel; to love and hate; to choose and refuse; or it did not come at all.

The right to see came with the eye and the light, did it not? and the right to breathe, with the lungs and the air; and all these from the same infinite source.

And has not also the moral and spiritual nature its inalienable rights? Have the mere bodily organs, which are but the larder of worms, born of the dust, and dust their destiny—have they power and prerogative that are denied to the reason, the understanding, the conscience, the will, those attributes which constitute responsibility, accountability and immortality?

Or shall God give the power to choose, or refuse obedience to his law and reign, leaving the human will free as his own; and must mortal man, the mushroom of yesterday and perished to-morrow, usurp a higher and more dreadful prerogative, and compel support of and submission to laws in which the subject has no voice in making, executing, or even consenting, on pain of perpetual imprisonment, banishment or death?

Must a brave soldier fight and bleed for the government, and, pruned of limbs, plucked of eyes, and scarred all over with the lead and iron hail of war—must he now hobble on his crutches up to a Republican, Democratic, yea, and a Christian throne, and beg the boon of a ballot in that government, in defence of which he perilled all, and lost all but bare life and breath, only because an African instead of a more indulgent sun looked upon him or his ancestors in their allotment of life? And then, when the claim of immortal manhood is superadded, the inalienable rights of the soul, in and of themselves, the rights of the reason, the understanding, the conscience, the will—what desperation is that which treads down all these claims, and rushes into seats of higher authority than were ever claimed by the eternal God, and denies him that right altogether!

No white male citizen was ever born with three ballots in his hand, one his own by birthright, *and to be used without restraint*, the others to be *granted, given* to women and to colored men at his pleasure or convenience! Such an idea should never have outraged our common humanity. And any bill or proposal for what is called "*manhood* suffrage" while it ignores womanhood suffrage, whether coming from the President or the Republican party and sanctioned by the Anti-Slavery Society, should be repudiated as at war with the whole spirit and genius of a true Democracy, and a deadly stab into the very heart of justice itself.

I have referred to the age of the Roman Catholic Church. Lord Macaulay, in accounting for her astonishing longevity as compared with other institutions, turns with felicitous insight to female influence as one of the principal causes.

In her system, he says, she assigns to devout women spiritual functions, dignities, and even magistracies. In England, if a pious and benevolent woman enter the cells of a prison to pray with the most unhappy and degraded of her sex, she does so without any authority from the Church. Indeed, the Protestant Church places the ban of its reprobation on any such irregularity. "At Rome, the Countess of Huntington would have a place in the Calendar of St. Selina, and Mrs. Fry would be foundress and First Superior of the Blessed Order of Sisters of the Jails."

But even Macaulay overlooks another element of power and permanence in the economy of the Catholic Church. God, as Father, and as Son, and as Holy Ghost, might inspire reverence and dread only, in hearts that, at the shrine of the ever blessed Mary, Mother of God, would kindle into humble, holy and lasting love.

Frances Power Cobbe, though deprecating the doctrine of "Mariolatry," as she terms the worship of the Virgin, yet says of it, "The Catholic world has found a great truth, that love, motherly tenderness and pity is a divine and holy thing, worthy of adoration. * * * * What does this wide-spread sentiment regarding this new divinity indicate? It can surely only point to the fact that there was something lacking in the elder creed, which, as time went on, became a more and more sensible deficiency, till at last the instinct of the multitude filled it up in this amazing manner."

When Theodore Parker, in his morning prayer on a beautiful summer Sunday, addressed the All-loving as "Our Father and our Mother," he struck a chord which will one day vibrate through the heart of universal humanity. It was a thought worth infinitely more than all the Creeds of Christendom.

What if woman should even *abuse* the use of the ballot at first? Man has been known to fail at first in a new pursuit. A maker of microscopes told me that, in a new attempt on a different kind of object-glass, he failed forty-nine times, but the fiftieth was a complete success.

The Poet of Scotland intimates that even Creative Nature herself improved at a second trial:

> "Her 'prentice hand she tried on man:
> And then she made the lasses, O!"

Woman might not vote wisely the first time. She might even re-elect John Morrissey to Congress though Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Horace Greeley were both in the field as candidates. Politics sometimes make strange *revelations*, as well as strange bed-fellows.

From of old it was seen and said "it is not good for man to be alone;" the first social sentiment ever uttered, and clearly a divine inspiration. Not a Church in Christendom would survive, made up of male membership alone. It would soon lapse into a hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.

The angels in Heaven might not have rebelled, had both sexes made up the population. At least we hear of no *more* discords there, since Eve and her myriads of daughters are swelling the songs and refining the joys.

Must we be told that woman herself does not ask the ballot! Then I submit to such, if such there be, the question is not one of privilege, but of duty—of solemn responsibility. If woman does not desire the ballot, demand it, take it, she sins against her own nature and all the holiest instincts of humanity, and cannot too soon repent.

After all, the question of suffrage is one of justice and right. Unless human government be in itself an unnatural and impious usurpation, whoever renders it support and submission, has a natural and inalienable, imperishable and inextinguishable right, to an equal voice in enacting and executing the laws. Nor can one man, or millions on millions of men acquire or possess the power to withhold that right from the humblest human being of sane mind, but by usurpation and by rebellion against the constitution of the moral universe. It would be robbery, though the giving of the right should induce all the predicted and dreaded evils of tyrants, cowards and white male citizens.

Be justice done though the heavens fall, and the hells arise instead! Nay, it is only justice, reared as a lightning rod, that can shield any governmental fabric when the very heavens are falling in righteous retribution.

The past mortality must last among nations, so long as they set at nought the Divine economy and purpose in their formation. The human body may yield to decay and die, though the soul be imperishable and eternal. But nations, like souls, need not die. Streams of new life flow into them, like rivers into the sea; and why should not the sea and the nations on its shores, roll on together with the ages?

When governments shall learn to lay their foundations in righteousness, with eternal justice the chief corner-stone; when equal and impartial liberty shall be the acknowledged birthright of all, then will national life begin to be prolonged; and the death of a nation, were it possible, should be as though more than a Pleiad had expired. No more would nation then lift up sword against nation; and the New Jerusalem would indeed descend from God out of heaven and dwell among men.

FOR THE STANDARD.

EXPERIENCE OF A BROKER.

CHAPTER II.

A friend who read my first chapter and who knew I had written it, asked me whether it was a fancy sketch or a reality. I said to him and repeat it, "I have repeated it as nearly as it took place as possible," and Mr. P., who has read it, said to me, "You have remembered it almost word for word, omitting only a discussion we had as to what was best to be done, if, upon examination, the men had been found to be robbers." To go on with my story. The next day Mr. P. called, and as it was rather before the hour, I was engaged. He insisted upon seeing me. I went out to him, when he exclaimed, "It is all lost. It is a deception—the fellow is a rogue." Your astonishment, reader, is not equal to mine. The man is a rogue, and only to-day, July 9th, there comes to me the following, that shows how adroit and unprincipled the man is:

AN ETHIOPIAN SHARPER.

One of the strongest proofs that we have ever seen of the capacity of the negro race to assert their equality with the whites, is afforded by the following item, which we find in the Providence *Post*:

Last week, a strange colored man appeared in this city and secured board with a well-known colored man on Benevolent street. Soon the glib-tongued stranger succeeded in gaining the confidence of his landlord, and unfolded to him a remarkable tale. He was a Southern darkey, he said, and was coming North in a vessel with his master, when his master died at sea.

The captain of the ship approached the bereaved slave in confidence, and assured him that there was on board the vessel a strong, iron-bound box filled with watches and jewelry, and that for eight hundred dollars, cash in hand, the darkey could be put in a way of getting off with it, or that the captain would give the black man $800 to assist him in making it a prize. Now, the darkey told his colored brother that he didn't like the idea of allowing the white man to share in such a golden adventure, and that for eight hundred dollars he would put the precious box into his hands, thus making the well-to-do landlord of Benevolent street rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

The landlord had not the immediate ready money, but a friend of the same complexion, who keeps a drinking saloon on Market square, had the means, and to him the scheme was also imparted. The saloon-keeper was agreeable, and the bargain was clinched. The Southern darkey was to accompany the two Providence joint heirs of fortune to Boston, and at the depot there was to deliver the box and receive the money. Upon arrival in the depot until just time for the train to start, when up drove their generous-hearted friend and benefactor in a hack, with the strong iron-bound treasure-box.

There was no time for investigation; so the money was paid over, and the box and the lucky possessors were soon on the way for Providence. Arriving here in the mid-day train, an expressman was employed to carry the heavy casket to the house on Benevolent street. Next day two Boston detectives, who were working up a robbery case in Medford, had heard of the shipment of the treasure box, came to Providence, and with the assistance of one of our detectives, traced the box to the house on Benevolent street. Going in, the officers found the landlord on his bed, surrounded by attendants, in paroxysms of agony hardly consistent with the theory of suddenly-acquired wealth. He knew nothing about the box—he said nothing about any box; but he wanted to go up stairs.

Finally, a search revealed the box, open, in the back cellar, and by its side a pile of rubble-stones that would just fill its iron-bound maw. Here a suspicion of a successful swindle began to arise in the official minds. The Market Square saloon-keeper was taken into custody, and he acknowledged that they had invested his money in a strong box, three feet long, iron-bound, and snugly filled with worthless stones, delivered to them by the glib-tongued Southern darkey at the Boston depot, and that he had departed into the darkness and obscurity from which he came.

In my next I shall endeavor to picture the deception he practiced upon some parties in Wilmington, Delaware, as well as in this city. This man should be traced and made to pay for his rascality.

LITERARY.

The American Gardener's Assistant, by Thomas Bridgeman; new edition, revised, enlarged and illustrated by S. Edward Todd. New York: William Wood & Co., 61 Walker street.

During the past few years a marked improvement has been witnessed in the character of the journals and in the quality of the books devoted to agriculture and horticulture. And in no other department was there a greater need. The book with the above title, as revised by Mr. Todd, is one of the best of its class. It is intended to be a help and guide to those who wish to attain the best results in producing garden vegetables, fruits and flowers, and who do not for any reason, have at command the services of a professional gardener. It is divided into three parts. The first part is devoted to the kitchen garden. Directions are given for laying out the ground and the arrangement of the garden, for the application of manure and the preparation of the soil, for repelling insects, the proper rotation of crops, the planting and growing of seeds, etc. Then follows a list of vegetables sufficiently extended to furnish a first class variety for table use, with special directions for the successful cultivation of each.

Part second treats of fruits and their cultivation. It opens with remarks on selecting fruit trees in the nursery, gives a descriptive list of fruits, and advises as to the best varieties to select, the best methods of training and pruning vines and trees, the proper tools to use, etc. It also gives directions, which to the uninitiated will be very valuable for grafting, budding, propagating by cuttings and layers, procuring improved varieties of fruit, dealing with the numerous and formidable insect pests, the draining of orchards, and improving the soil, and the proper seasons and methods for transplanting. A descriptive list of choice and approved varieties of fruit is presented, including apples, apricots, cherries, cranberries, currants, gooseberries, grapes, nectarines, oranges, lemons, peaches, plums, pears, quinces, raspberries and strawberries. Plain practical directions are given for the successful cultivation and management of each variety.

Part third is devoted to the flower garden. It urges very properly that more attention be given to flower gardening especially by women, gives directions for selecting a suitable soil and location, how to grow early flowers, and for the management of various kinds, artistic grouping, and renewing of flower beds, for constructing walks and rockeries, for the propagation and cultivation of choice varieties for a succession of flowers throughout the season. Its descriptive catalogue is very full and complete. The closing chapter of the book gives Prof. Lindley's "Outline of the Principles of Horticulture," which should be read and studied by everyone who has to do with the cultivation of the soil. The illustrations and revisory notes furnished by Mr. Todd add very much to its interest and value. The author, Mr. Bridgeman, has achieved eminent success as a practical gardener, seedsman, and florist, and is therefore well qualified by experience to write, and Mr. Todd, author of the "Young Farmer's Manual," and the present agricultural editor of the New York *Times*, we highly esteem as an able and trustworthy writer upon agriculture and its kindred topics. The book is nicely bound, printed on good paper, and is creditable to the publishers.

Beet Root Sugar and Cultivation of the Beet, by E. B. Grant. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

The object of this book is to call attention to the importance of beet-sugar production in the Old World, and to demonstrate the advantage and feasibility of establishing it in the United States.

Part I. is chiefly devoted to the history of beet sugar and the relative advantages of Europe and North America for its production.

Part II. is wholly agricultural in its character, and gives instruction for the choice of soil suitable for the cultivation of beets; the methods of preservation; of raising the seed; and of the preservation and use of the pulp.

It is argued by the author that the experience of Europe in the failure of their supply of cotton, caused by the late war, should teach the United States not to depend too exclusively upon foreign countries for her supply of so necessary an article as sugar. It is, he thinks, without doubt, within the power of the United States to produce, within her own borders, not only all the sugar she requires for home consumption, but also to become a large sugar-exporting country, and that within a very few years. It is believed that the sugar beet is the plant destined to effect this revolution. The reasons are fully and convincingly set forth in the book.

RECEIVED.

The College, the Market and the Court, by Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, 498 pages. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

Stories and Sketches, by our best authors, 307 pages. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

The Christian Examiner for July. Rev. Dr. Bellows Editor. New York: James Miller.

Littell's Living Age, conducted by E. Littell. Boston: Littell and Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Our Boys and Girls, Oliver Optic's Magazine. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

The London *Telegraph* was compelled on Wednesday, in an article on gambling, to confess that morality may be and has been promoted by an act of Parliament; as witness the following quotation:

"The magnificent 'hells' which, twenty or thirty years ago, were the haunts of half the aristocracy were first effectually restrained by Lord George Bentinck's Act of 1845. At the time that bill was passing, its opponents constantly uttered the trite phrase, 'You cannot make people religious by act of Parliament;' and they pointed to the failure of former enactments as a proof that it was impossible to repress the national vice. The promoters of the measure of 1845 were not, however, deterred by the clamor; they persevered, and *did succeed in clearing St. James' street of its halls of splendid iniquity.*"

The assassin Beregowski admits having committed a crime, and expresses regret for having done so in France; but he has no sorrow for the offence itself, for he says that his brother was hanged by the Russians during the Polish insurrection, his mother perished on the road to Siberia, his sister was outraged, and his father is in banishment. It may allay the apprehension of some parties in France, who feared that the late attempted assassination would be followed by reactionary measures, to learn from the *Moniteur* that the only consequence of the crime will be to draw still closer the bonds of confidence and friendship existing between the Czar and the Emperor of the French.

Special Notices.

Equal Rights Report.—The Proceedings of the First Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association (a neat pamphlet of eighty pages) may now be had of Susan B. Anthony, 37 Park Row (Room 17), New York. Price 25 cents.

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"It must be acknowledged that the author has made many strong points—points that it would be difficult to gainsay."—*Toledo Blade.*

"An eloquent and sensible plea for justice to women. It deserves to be read, and will be read, for it is too interesting to escape even the idle and thoughtless."—*New York Evening Post.*

"The cause of Equal Rights can no longer be accused of dullness; Mrs. Dall has taken from it that reproach. There is satisfaction in seeing her clear common sense walk straight and calm to its mark, which is justice; and more than satisfaction in the grace of words and the beauty of quotations with which she adorns her going."—*Worcester Spy.*

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Miscellaneous Department.

AN EMBER-PICTURE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

How strange are the freaks of memory!
The lessons of life we forget,
While a trifle, a trick of color,
In the wonderful web is set,—

Set by some mordant of fancy.
And, despite the wear and tear
Of time or distance or trouble,
Insist on its right to be there.

A chance had brought us together ;
Our talk was of matters of course ;
We are nothing one to the other,
But a short half hours resource.

We spoke of French acting and actors.
And their easy, natural way,—
Of the weather, for it was raining
As we drove home from the play.

We debated the social nothings
Men take such pains to discuss ;
The thunderous rumors of battle
Were silent the while for us.

Arrived at her door, we left her
With a drippingly hurried adieu,
And our wheels went crunching the gravel
Of the oak-darkened avenue.

As we drove away through the shadow,
The candle she held in the door
From rain-vanished tree-trunk to tree-trunk
Flashed fainter, and flashed no more,—

Flashed fainter and wholly faded
Before we had passed the wood ;
But the light of the face behind it
Went with me and stayed for good.

The vision of scarce a moment,
And hardly marked at the time,
It comes unbidden to haunt me,
Like a scrap of ballad rhyme.

Had she beauty? Well, not what they call so :
You may find a thousand as fair,
And yet there's her face in my memory,
With no special right to be there.

As I sit sometimes in the twilight,
And call back to life in the coals
Old faces and hopes and fancies
Long buried,—good rest to their souls!—

Her face shines out of the embers :
I see her holding the light,
And hear the crunch of the gravel
And the sweep of the rain that night.

'Tis a face that can never grow older,
That never can part with its gleam ;
'Tis a gracious possession forever,
For what is it all but a dream.

WHY YOUNG MEN DO NOT MARRY.

Rev. Robert Collyer, the eloquent Unitarian clergyman, recently preached a sermon in Chicago on "Our Daily Bread," in the course of which he discussed social questions, and explained why young men do not marry :

"When one said lately in the presence of a frank, outspoken young woman in this city, that the reason why young men did not marry was that their wives would not be content to begin to live in a homely fashion, after they had been raised in luxury, she replied, 'the woman is quite as willing as the man to do that, and I know of no woman in the circle of my acquaintance who would not be content, for the sake of the man she loved, to cast her lot with him and make his interest in every way her own.' I believe the young woman spoke the truth. When I hear a man living in chambers and constant in his attendance at play and opera say, 'I dare not marry, because I know no woman would be content to live as one should have to live,' I say to myself, it may be true, but it looks very much like old Adam, who ate the apple and then turned around and laid the blame on the woman. Let this be as it will. Here is the dismal fact staring us everywhere in the face, and in no place more painfully than in our own city, that for social, conventional, or still worse reasons, the best youth of the country is held back from its most sacred duty as well as its most perfect felicity—falls into that sad misake of a long engagement, in which the pain and disappointment bears hardest always on the woman ; or the young man shuts his eyes and his heart when the spirit, walking among the golden lamps, whispers to him of some maiden, 'That is thy wife,' and says, 'No, not yet for many a year to come'—and so marries at last away on in life, when both lines have become set in their own fashion, and their love is hardly long enough to give them the kindly mutual forbearance toward what is dissimilar in character and disposition, until they can become

"'Self-reverent and reverencing each
Alike in individualities,'

and so the best of the days of the best of our youth go by and find 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'

"In the name of all that is sacred, I ask why this is, and get for my answer, 'We cannot afford it.' The young farmer can afford it on the prairies ; the miner on Superior ; the woodman on the peninsula ; the carpenter at his bench; the smith at his anvil ; the operative at his frame or loom ; the 'longshoreman and the sailor. That cluster of men down there in Pennsylvania, and those in Yorkshire whose mere young men were with me long years ago, lost no time and asked few questions, because some night instinct told them they must do that or worse—worse in any and every way they could look at it ; and so I can remember, as if it were yesterday, how speedily these found the wife and went to housekeeping in one room or two, as they could manage it, and make the hammer ring with a new music, and gradually got their house and household goods, and the world has never failed them, no, not for a day ; but through dark future and bright, and sickness and strength, they have found the deepest experiences of their life each with the other, for Great Heart and Interpreter go together on this pilgrimage, and now they see their children coming up to manhood and womanhood about them, with the freshness of their own youth in their hearts, and know, though probably they cannot tell, the deep content of a life ordered after the fashion God gave them when he created them man and woman.

"But here are men with noble powers, with faculties that will ensure them a greater place, living in the most plentiful land on the globe, evening themselves through the years of their youth with that poor lost tribe of ballet-singers, the loneliest of all those to whom God has given a chance, and when you get at their real reason it is either one or the other of these. They cannot believe what, if they have lived in the country, they have seen twenty times to be true of the birds that sing about us everywhere ; that new exigencies tap new energies, and the little fellow who, a few weeks ago, had quite enough to do to take care of himself, is now caring for a nest full just as successfully. They do not believe that the Maker who has made their life of itself a natural prayer for daily bread, has provided that the answer shall be equal to the cry ; or when they pray they mean by daily bread board for two at the Sherman, the privilege to attend parties three times a week throughout the whole Winter, to take a trip to Saratoga in Summer, and miss no chance at any other pleasure, however expensive. Let it be that or a shred of that which makes this fatal failing in the flower of the youth of America—the men from Harvard and Yale and all of their fine quality —and the thoughtful cannot but deplore the education that can so curse the fair manhood and cause the blossoming of youth to come to such an untimely end."

Charles Lamb.—I visited a spot where the memory of one "gentle" spirit still lingers, and makes the most unromantic place in the world attractive. Set down in front of a sombre row of columns and a low, dingy pile of buildings, one could hardly conceive that this was the seat of that company of merchants who once ruled a vast empire with absolute sway—the East India House in Leadenhall street. An apartment up one flight of stairs toward the back of the building was where Charles Lamb used to write. There I was introduced to a courteous white-haired gentleman, who told me (though I knew nothing more of him), that he was a fellow-clerk with Lamb, and occupied the next desk to his. He showed the place where Lamb's desk stood, under a window which looked out on the blank brick wall of a house. He spoke of him whom he was proud to call a friend with enthusiasm. He said he was the best-hearted man in the world. Sometimes he would say to him, "Now you who live in the country, go and spend a day at home with your family and I will take care of your books." He had tremendous fits of work, and would accomplish three men's task in a day. At other times he would keep them all merry with his stories, and fill his pages with the oddest scrawls and etchings. This calls to mind Lamb's boyish delight, which he speaks of in one of his letters, when he had learned to make "flourishes" and (poor Elia) "cork-screws, the best he ever drew." Among other pleasant things and sayings which this old gentleman related, I recall but this : "One day a wealthy London merchant was ushered into the room and introduced to Lamb as 'Mr. So-and-So, a distinguished spice merchant.' 'Oh yes,' said Lamb, quick as lightning, 'I'm happy to see you, sir ; I smelt you coming.'"

HELIOTYPOGRAPHY.

The following article, which we copy from the *Journal of Commerce*, records one of the most remarkable discoveries of modern science—a discovery of more importance even than that of Daguerre, and of which the practical uses are almost limitless:

Heliotypography : Here is a new word added to the vocabulary by the necessities of this advancing age and the discoveries of modern science. Ever since the discovery of the Daguerre process it has been an object of earnest pursuit to find a method of using the photographic art for the production of metallic type by which to print in the ordinary letter-press style the pictures made by the sun. Scores of inventions have been made, without final success. We are at length able to say that the desideratum has been accomplished, and The Heliotype Company, whose place of business is at No. 90 Fulton street, are prepared to work with the aid of the sun as rapidly as publishers can desire in the production of sun-types.

It is not claimed for this process as yet that it will do everything that is desired. But it is the beginning of great things, and we confidently look for the day when it will be so perfected that the scenes of daily life, occurrences in our streets, public meetings, processions, and similar events may be photographed and the type used in the editions of illustrated newspapers, without the intervention of an engraver or wood-cutter.

At present the inventors wisely propose to do no more for the public than they are able to do perfectly. To show what their ability is we may state the result of our own examination. A copper plate map of France, for example, was handed to them, from which they were to produce a type or plate suited for letter-press work. Within twelve hours they delivered the type, a solid plate, from which we could easily print a hundred thousand copies on the press of the *Journal of Commerce*. The copy printed from this type was fully equal in every respect to the original and an exact fac simile of it.

An elegantly designed ornamental card, with fanciful letters, made by the hand of a skilful artist, being placed in their hands, they, in a few hours, produced a type from which the card can be printed to any extent desired. An ordinary wood engraving is reproduced in the same manner. Music is admirably and perfectly copied. One of the merits of the invention consists in the ability to change the size of the picture or page to be reproduced. Thus music of the ordinary piano size can in a few hours be reprinted in a small quarto, octavo, or any other desired size. A map six feet square can be reduced, and the type made to print an illustration for an ordinary volume. We have now before us specimens of reproductions of Dore's Bible illustrations, which are astonishingly perfect. More marvelous still is a page of the London *Illustrated News*, reproduced in a metal plate, half the original size, engravings and letter-press alike a reduced fac simile of the original, the proofs from which will surprise any printer. There is no reasonable doubt that the process will be so perfected that it would be easy to republish in this country any European illustrated newspaper within twenty-four hours after its receipt by steamer.

We have been careful not to claim too much for the invention in its present working condition. The company can do all kinds of map work, outlines, and plans of artists and engineers, many styles of engravings, especially those which deal in sharp outlines, and bold, vigorous work, music, and many other kinds of illustration. They may already do much more, but this is enough to justify our assertion that heliotypography is a necessary word in the language.

In one department the company has achieved a startling triumph, namely in the reproduction of rare old tracts and books. Many gentlemen having such treasures, desire to print private editions for their friends. By this process the type for such editions is furnished in absolute fac simile of the original, and the new edition can only be distinguished from the old by the paper on which it is printed. We make sure that the publishers, type founders, map makers, civil engineers, and all who are interested in such an important advance in art, will visit the Heliotype Company and investigate for themselves its ability to do their work.

THE SINGERS.

God sent His singers upon earth,
With songs of gladness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again.

The first, a youth ; with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market place,—
And stirred, with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in Cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from the mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers three,
Disputed which the best might be :
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree ;
I gave a various gift to each,—
To charm, to strengthen and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is turned aright
Will hear no discords in the three,—
But the most perfect harmony.'

Longfellow.

Extraordinary Pulpit Mistake.—Last Sunday a local preacher connected with the Primitive Methodist persuasion was planned to preach at Elland, he residing at Huddersfield. Being a comparative stranger to Elland, he inquired the way to the Primitive Methodist Chapel, but by mistake was directed to the Unitarian Chapel. Arriving at the verge of time for commencing the service, he introduced himself as the preacher requested to conduct the service for the day, and as the regular minister was away, no particular inquiry was made, and the "local preacher" mounted the pulpit and gave out a hymn. All went well until he came to prayer, which was of so fervid and evangelical a character that suspicion began to be aroused if some mistake had not arisen in the preacher. At the close of the prayer he was asked where he was planned for, and he answered Elland Primitive Methodist Chapel. The mistake was at once apparent, and he was made aware of it. He, of course, descended the pulpit. The person who had been arranged to conduct the service had taken a seat in the body of the chapel, imagining that he had been "jilted."—*Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.*

The Divinity that doth Hedge a King.—The most noteworthy circumstance about the attempt on the Czar's life in the Bois de Boulogne is, now that we know the facts, its failure. It is the last of a remarkable series of failures. It failed as did the previous effort to take the Czar's life in St. Petersburg, as did the attempt against Bismarck, the attempt against the King of Prussia, the attempt against the Emperor of Austria, the two attempts against Louis Philippe, the two attempts against Napoleon, and, in a word, as have failed all the recent plots to murder the potentates who govern Europe. So uniform has been the issue of such schemes, that a cynical theory was once started that Napoleon hired men to play the *role* of assassins, so as to gain popular sympathy. True it is that Kings and Ministers have fallen a prey by scores to the assassin, within the last few centuries. Henry IV. and Louis XV., of France, both fell in their coaches in the streets of Paris, the former by the dagger of Ravaillac, the latter by that of Damiens. Henry III. Gustavus III., and Gustavus the Great, the Dukes of Guise and Berri of France, and Buckingham of England, Murray of Scotland—these and other monarchs and Ministers as powerful as monarchs, have been victims of assassination, while our own President Lincoln ends the fatal list.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Blessings on the little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
With thy upturned pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes—
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill—
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace :
From my heart I give thee joy,
I was once a barefoot boy.

Oh! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned at schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowls and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood.
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well,
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung,
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the woodnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason on his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray-hornet artisans!
For eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can,
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble—spread the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through,
Fresh baptism of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat ;
And too soon those feet shall hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod
Like a colt for work be shod ;
Made to tread the mills of toil ;
Up and down the ceaseless moil—
Happy if thy track be found
Never on forbidden ground—
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thee but knew thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

THE GULF STREAM AND THE CUBA TELEGRAPH.

A special survey has been made under the direction of the Acting Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, Mr. J. E. Hilgard, at the instance of the International Ocean Telegraph Company, with a view to determine the conditions to be encountered in locating the cable between Florida and Cuba through the Gulf Stream. The examination reveals a very irregular and precipitous descent from the Cuban Coast, reaching the maximum depth of the channel, 843 fathoms (say 5,000 feet). 37 miles from the Moro. From the northward, the bottom falls away in terraces without abrupt slopes. It is in the deep canons or gorges of the southern portion that the Gulf stream and its counter currents find their channels, while the sea lies almost motionless above the terraces of the northern coast. About 21 miles from the coast of Cuba a submarine mountain rises in the midst of the southern channel, with the extreme depths of 748 and 843 fathoms on either side of it. The summit of this mountain is 2,400 feet above the bed of the straits, and reaches to within 2,400 feet of the surface, the current running over it so strongly that soundings were made with great difficulty. It appears to be triangular in its general form, with precipitous sides, presenting at its west angle a bold prow to the stream.

Assistant Henry Mitchell, from whom these data are derived, states that the observations indicate the depth of the Gulf Stream to be scarcely more than one-third the maximum depth of the channel. He concludes that the Gulf Stream is not a profound movement, but an overflow of water from the Gulf, having for its office the restoration of surface level, while the office of the counter stream, or "polar current," beneath, is the restoration of equilibrium thus disturbed between waters of different specific weights or densities. This view of compensating currents is illustrated by observations in the Hudson river. In the dry season (July) the surface outflow of the river through the Narrows has been found to occupy three-fourths instead of half the twelve tidal hours, while in the under stratum the case is more than reversed, and the inflow predominates to such an extent that as a general thing it is constant along the bottom, although not in velocity, and the same conditions, with variable proportions, obtain for some distance up the river.

On running a line of levels from New York to Albany, it was found that the bed of the Hudson river lies below the mean level of the sea for over a hundred miles, while the surface of the fresh water, or river proper, in the dry season, is above this level, yet not so much above as to counterbalance the excess of specific gravity in the sea water, which consequently during the Summer months flows in along the bed of the stream, while the fresh water overflows into the ocean. In other words, the Hudson, for one hundred miles, is in the Summer but an arm of the sea analogous to the Gulf of Mexico, deriving much of its elevation as a stream, from a like cause with that of the Gulf Stream, viz. : its lightness, lifted above the sea level by the bottom pressure and inflow of the heavy sea water in the opposite direction.

The striking variations in the velocities of the Gulf Stream, which were particularly remarked by navigators during the late survey, the weather being exceedingly calm, are accounted for on the hypothesis that they follow the changes in mean sea level which depend upon the declinations of the sun and moon—more especially the latter. Prof. Bache has shown that the mean level at Key West is one foot higher when the moon is in the equator than when she is at her greatest declination ; while, on the contrary, in the North Atlantic the mean level is about three inches higher at her maximum declination, giving a variation of fifteen inches in level to account for the variations in the velocity of the stream.—*Scientific American.*

Turner's Paintings.—I am Ruskinite enough to think that Turner, in his best style, was as near an approach to *the* great English painter as has yet been made. "But after my words they spake not," said Job ; and who wishes to enter into an elaborate discussion of Turner after the Oxford oracle has spoken. Turner did a great work, if it were only to have been the occasion of Ruskin's marvelous eloquence. One has a perfect right, however, to look and see, and judge whether he likes or dislikes Turner's paintings. There was, when I was in London, a fine opportunity to do this at the Kensington Museum, popularly the "Boilers," where there were three large rooms full of Turner's best pictures, arranged, it is said, by Mr. Ruskin himself. What impressed me most in Turner's greatest pictures, those which belong principally to his second and sound style, was their imaginative power. In such paintings as "Dido building Carthage," in the National Gallery, and the "Shipwreck," and "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," and "The fighting Temeraire tugged to her last Berth" (who gave these taking titles?) and "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," say what you will about their "light" and "atmosphere," their "depth" and "aerial perspective," it is the power that brings before you new things, that calls them up from the pure realm of imagination—it is this poetic power that gives the charm to these pictures. They awake the sense of the infinite that a great poem does. They take down the bars and let you into the green fields of joy and freedom. One has the feeling (always a delightful one) that the author of these pictures could do anything he wished ; could build a Carthage or a Rome.—*Hoppin's "Old England."*

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where on the dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamers that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather's blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

Hogg.

Emerson on the Baby.—The small despot asks so little that all nature and reason are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurns, and puts on his face of importance ; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of block, thread spools, cards, and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character ; uncles, aunts, cousins, grandsires, grandames—all fall an easy prey ; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him ; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides and pulls the hair of laureled heads.

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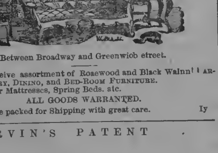

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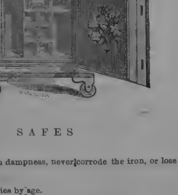

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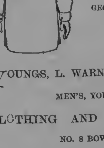

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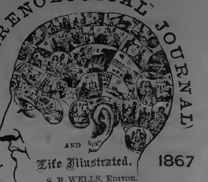

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